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THE PROFESSORIAL QUINTAIN

F. B. R. HELLEMS

I

"I SAY, Bill, 'ere's a quiet lookin' cove, let's 'eave 'arf a brick at 'im." These moving words, so mellifluous but so direct, are placed by one of Mr. Punch's young men on the lips of an idly bellicose navvy, and I have borrowed them to indicate a very common attitude toward the college professor.

Æons ago, when you and I were young, we used to hear him eulogized as "that gifted scholar, at once the custodian of culture and pioneer of progress," or "that noble transmitter of the torch of truth and learning," or "that self-forgetting advocate of humanity and the aspiring heart of democracy." Most frequently of all, perhaps, we heard him blessed as "youth's guide, philosopher, and friend." It may be that now and then we felt somewhat of an intolerable overmuchness in these laudatory references; but soon we learnt that "Fortune is fickle and even professors fall." Each decade has seen the quondam idol shrinking and slipping, until to-day he lies full low and none so poor to do him reverence. At his best he is a crime, at his worst a mistake. He is agnostic and atheistic, unless he happens to be blindly and mediævally orthodox. He is the cringing parasite of wealth; but he is also the ruthless rampant champion of socialism, heartlessly overthrowing the most hallowed institutions of God and man. He is a contemptibly cribbed and cabined specialist, or he is a man whose intellectual sympathies are so wide that by broad spreading they disperse to naught. When he is not an inordinate traveller, spending on European art gal-

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leries what he should be saving to avoid starvation on the downward slope of life, he is a cloistered stay-at-home, with home-keeping wits. In short, he is simply everything that can be described by sharp-fanged adjectives or charged by keen-toothed verbs. And so many lances, sharply abusive, gently humorous, or sarcastically bitter, have been couched at his temptingly defenceless figure, that he might well break out with the quotation, learned in his impressionable freshman days, from the greenwood pages of *As You Like It:*

> "My better parts
> Are all thrown down, and that which here stands up
> Is but a quintain, a mere lifeless block."

And now comes Mr. Cook, wielding the most merciless lance of all, and describes our once honored body as a third American sex.* The epigram is as cruel as it is clever; nor is the sting softened by the age and Teutonic origin of the witticism. It is true that Mr. Cook's bristling article might reveal an undertone of appreciation and sympathy; for his attack is directed primarily against the American system of university administration. He seems to be rattling our chains that we may be roused to shake them off. But his terrible phrase will stick, while his kindly intent will either pass unnoticed or be quickly forgotten. Verily we are naught; and no human creature can possibly be a professor.

This being established, there remains only the obvious proposal that professorial teaching should be replaced by that incredible triumph of genius, the kinetophone. It would be very easy to establish a great central bureau, where the most eminent men could lecture on their special subjects. Then the synchronized vocal and photographic records could be multiplied indefinitely for the widest distribution. In this way the humblest and most remote college would be placed on a par with the richest and most metropolitan university. Moreover, the professor's personality, with all its weakness, and deformity, and danger, would be eliminated. Professors either would not exist, or, if a handful must be retained at the central supply office, would

* See *The Third American Sex,* by George Cram Cook, in THE FORUM for last October.

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never come into baneful contact with the student. We should need only a high salaried president, a number of mechanics to manipulate the reproductions, a few proctors to keep sacred the divine institution of compulsory attendance, and a staff of underpaid assistants to grade examination papers. Who can doubt that with this glorious substitution would be ushered in the educational millennium?

II

Now it is perfectly obvious that most of our assailants are men of the finest character and kindliest intentions. Even the fiercest of them mean well toward educational progress and democratic aspiration. Where then is the weakness of the attack? The answer is, that even the best informed miss many fundamental factors and appear to see only parts of the field.

Take, for instance, the stock charge that American scholars "are under the thumb of business men and capitalists." Let us grant for the sake of argument that it might be true of Columbia, or Chicago, or Stanford. Yet it would be absurd to apply the words to Michigan, or Minnesota, or Colorado. But the State universities are beginning to control the educational destinies of this country much more directly and effectively than the privately endowed institutions; and it is merely ridiculous to generalize from the latter alone. I am not maintaining that this shift of leadership is desirable; I am simply pointing out the fact, and insisting that any discussion of American professors and higher education must dwell upon the State universities if it wishes to be taken seriously.

Another favorite line of attack is to draw a lurid contrast between the universities of the United States and those of Germany or France. But the contrast takes on a very different aspect when one is thoroughly familiar with the difference of the problems on the two sides of the Atlantic.

In this country, for good or for ill, we give a college education to hundreds of thousands of young men and young women who would have remained floundering in the hapless and hopeless proletariat, if they had been born in Prussia or Provence. I would beg the laudator of alien institutions to read a few

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hundred pathetically labored and misspelled letters from anxious parents, or to visit a few score struggling homes, as some of us have done; and I venture to believe that he will bow his head for very shame, and crave forgiveness because he had not understood. Naturally, we have developed a different type of institution, with different students, different ideals, and different professors. I need not point out that certain foundation aims remain unchanged; science is science and truth is truth, wherever taught. But the European universities aim at a hundred, while we aim at a million. Inevitably we fail; but our failure may be finer and brighter with promise than their success.

Any thoughtful American who has ever worked beside German students or under German professors will have many grounds for love and admiration; but even in the friendliest of us there must arise the choking query, How can these men acquiesce in an autocracy that still prattles the immemorial rot about the God-given dominion and power and glory of the Hohenzollerns? It would be unfair to argue from sixty-five years ago to the present; but when one recalls what happened to those German students who ventured to breathe the heavenly spirit of liberty in the fateful years of forty-eight and forty-nine, one is not reassured about the *akademische Freiheit* so loudly vaunted to-day. It is delightful to remember that Haeckel was allowed to battle for evolution against spiteful scientists and a persecuting clergy; it is bitter to reflect what would be the lot of the most distinguished professor in Berlin, if he should vigorously propagate the doctrine that Germany would be better with a republican form of government.

The superb scholarship, the transcendent ability, of many German professors could not be called in question even by the crassest ignorance or the blindest partisanship; but the final test of an educational system is the way it works out in the largest spheres of life, and in the matter of free government Germany, next to Russia, is the most benighted failure among the great states of Europe. And the depth of her failure is only emphasized by the sterling character of her citizens, by her incredible material progress, and by her perfectly machined education.

Moreover, even in the realm of scholarship, I will hazard

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the opinion that in most departments the degree of Doctor of Philosophy from Harvard is distinctly better than the same degree from almost any German university. In fact, if we were to compare the six leading graduate schools in the United States with the six leading German universities, the average requirements for a doctorate in the former would stand perceptibly above the average in the latter. I know that many readers will be startled by such an ambitious statement, and will attribute the apparent boastfulness to national pride; but as a matter of fact the writer is a Canadian of German descent, and the conclusion expressed above, whether it be right or wrong, is merely the result of years of careful observation. In any event, it need not affect our judgment of German universities in their relation to free government; and my primary concern is to point out the difference between them and us in this all-important sphere.

Perhaps these two typical and widely-famed lines of attack may suffice for the present, although I should like to consider some others. It is well that our colleges and universities should be assailed from every side. If they are strongholds of wisdom, they will only stand the firmer; if they are merely forts of folly, the sooner they fall the better. But in either case the attack should be based upon sound information and directed against points that are really vulnerable.

III

If we turn now to the vexed question of administration, I think we shall find that again the confident generalizer sees only a part of his field. The boundless variety of privately supported institutions really ranges from universities with an international standing and a productive endowment of twenty-five or thirty millions to tiny denominational or "real estate" schools with no funds and less prestige. Then the State universities are still to be considered; and here the diversity is not quite so great, although it sweeps from such a colossus as Wisconsin, with an established position and a yearly budget of a million and a half, to the infant scarcely out of swaddling clothes. But even if one could abolish the pseudo-universities and masquerading colleges,

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would one be quite sure that it is desirable to have the same type of administration in all those that remain?

It requires no Œdipus to decide that a self-perpetuating board of trustees must prove a baneful anachronism, or that many universities ought to have a more democratic government. But it is simply idle to maintain that faculty control would be a prompt and permanent panacea for our various academic ills. Indeed, it were well to reflect that uninterrupted faculty control implies its own self-perpetuating board; and while it would be in many cases the substitution of a better for a worse, there is still a problem. If it is of the very essence of life that it should be both conserved and changed, who would be quite confident that with faculty control these two essentials would have exactly their proper weight in the scale?

Furthermore, in the State universities such a policy would completely lose sight of the glorious ideal from which they spring. It is a profound and extreme homage to democracy to maintain that the mass of citizens should control the universities; but that is what many States have chosen, and with that choice comes the inevitable conclusion that the governing body should be responsible to the people. Obviously, then, the direct election of a board of regents is the simplest form of control; and, in my own opinion, it is not only the best ideally but also the most helpful in practice. One of the most hopeful and inspiring features of democratic government, at a moment when all lovers of democracy must be desperately anxious, may be found in the unstinted support of some of the State universities, such as California and Illinois. Nor is there less hope and inspiration in the genuine service returned by the universities to their respective commonwealths.

As to the subjection or "slavery" of the faculty, I agree most eagerly that more independence is desirable. Galton has pointed out that gregarious and slavish instincts are a result of the conditions of man's primeval barbarism; and, of course, the faster we can emancipate ourselves the better.

But the situation is by no means so terrible as the demolishing extremists would have us believe. As a matter of fact, most professors are not unduly afraid of their presidents. Occasion-

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ally a president is afraid of his professors. Dismissals are comparatively rare in proportion to the vast number of chairs. It would be a safe assertion that many more ought to be relieved of their duties than is the case at present. If faculty control would mean greater stability of tenure than is in vogue, then surely mediocrity would be enhaloed and enthroned. Naturally, I do not believe a man should be removed because he holds advanced views on eugenics or matrimony, nor because he happens to be an agnostic, or atheist, or socialist, or even an anarchist. But assuredly he ought to be discharged when he fails in the efficient performance of his duties; and it would take a cheery optimist to maintain that this would be easy to achieve under faculty control.

Under present conditions the president is generally chosen by trustees or regents from the professorial ranks of some university or other. Now I do not believe that the individual thus chosen becomes suddenly endowed with divine wisdom, nor that he is worth three times his former salary. But no more do I see why a man who was a kindly, reasonable, scholarly professor should necessarily suffer a monstrous transformation into a ruthless tyrant and rank materialist by his elevation or degradation to the presidency. In fact, is he not rather chosen from the herd to be a fore-ox, if I may use Galton again, and does he not retain his bovine character, good, bad, or indifferent, as the case may be? Of course it has been noted that an animal with a rather independent disposition makes the best leader of the toiling team, and the analogy may still hold in the great university trek; but there is no final proof that the qualities essential for progressive leadership would be chosen unfailingly by a faculty empowered to elect its own head.

Naturally, the general position of the faculty is much better in the State universities than in those under private endowment, a fact one might leave to be inferred from the intrinsic probabilities without adducing the classic example of Professor E. A. Ross, or indicating others who have been welcomed in these public homes of learning after being forced out of less enlightened halls. But the demolishers insist on including the administrative system of *all* universities in their curdling and creepy de-

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nunciations. Now I am very far from holding that faculty control, through the right to choose a president, might not work admirably in some instances; but I do respectfully insist that the advocates of the plan mark out intelligently and painstakingly the limits of its application. In this workaday age, even where colleges are concerned, we demand that flowing and glowing generalities be replaced by rational and definite recommendations. And whatever is done elsewhere, the State universities must be left under a board directly responsible to the people.

IV

However, no difference of opinion on problems of administration need make it impossible to agree that our professors and their institutions should be utterly destroyed, if certain of the extreme charges brought against them are based on facts. For instance, why should they be allowed to cumber the earth, if the five following counts of a general indictment could be carried home?

1. They do not teach even the kind of thinking that leads to understanding.
2. They turn out slavish followers of convention and routine.
3. They stifle interest in social and industrial problems.
4. They do not inspire a respect for truth and freedom.
5. They repress any passion for ideals.

Attack is facile, defence is dull; and I simply plead to each count, Is it true?

It would be easy to support my case by an appeal to statistics of achievement and leadership; but I have little patience with such a method. Instead I turn to some juniors and seniors I know intimately and well. To them I hand these five charges and ask for a full and frank opinion. Do you know what they will answer? Do I?

It is not easy to reach the real heart of a student, but inasmuch as I have an unusual wealth of frailties and a goodly accumulation of ignorance, I manage it rather frequently, and I declare unreservedly that most of them would try to voice their experience about as follows:

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"Heaven knows, I am a pretty poor creature; but I shudder to think what I might have been. I came into the university, a plaything of time and chance; and the university discovered me to myself and brought me to the fight in the soul. Here I have seen something of the gains of science and a little of the gifts of art. I have grown soul-thirsty to know and understand. For my petty and selfish complaining I have substituted a large and liberal discontent; and I have developed a sense of oneness with my kind. Above all, in a few of the highest moments, I have dimly descried what it may mean for man's happiness when each human creature can do the day's work in the spirit of the dream."

Working with young people many years, I have been unutterably saddened at the number of those who sink to defeat, even to sin and shame; but in all honesty I do not believe that their downfall can often be laid at the door of the college or the professor. And on the other hand I have seen thousands of them fight the fight in the soul and win.

I wonder how many of my readers realize just how deeply and cruelly that struggle may pierce the heart and rend the very being of a student. To those who do not know, may I say that the throes are very real and very terrible? If a man is to be worth anything, the battle must be fought some time; in a sense, every individual must in some bitter hour be a lonely antagonist of destiny. But this saddening of youth is what makes it great to live. When "the old words die out on the tongue, new melodies break forth from the heart"; and where old trails are lost, a higher path is revealed that may lead beyond the stars. The struggle itself is always hard, always merciless and pitiless. Yet it is infinitely worth while; for it may mean the birth of a new soul, and often the bitter suffering breaks out petal by petal and pang by pang into the flower of a larger life.

And from the beings thus renewed come the choice spirits who stand humbly but fearlessly before the door of to-morrow. Beyond its threshold they see a new day dawning on a temple of humanity; and whether they lead or follow, they will pass the portals as champions of the ideals that are struggling to remould the ancient order and raise the aspirations of mankind.

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If, then, this world is simply a great vale for the making of souls, as Keats declared, our professors may not unfairly be regarded as special workers therein. And surely this fact has some bearing on the impertinently seasonable question, raised by friend and foe alike, whether it would not be better for them to organize permanently to procure larger salaries, wider recognition, and complete academic freedom.

It is immediately clear that some selfish and material gains might accrue from such a union; but in order to impart a fine democratic color thereto, and a large humanitarian aspect, our advisers argue that organized solidarity among professors must prove the only way of getting the intellectual class into right relations with the working class, and so the only way of preserving the science and culture of the world. To this lofty consideration I would merely reply that if the science and culture of the world depend for their preservation on a professorial guild system, then they are pretty tawdry stuff and the sooner they perish the better. But in reality one sees a thousand agencies co-operating to bridge the gulf between the intellectual and working classes, not the least potent among them being the deliberate efforts of many universities. Even in Oxford, of all places, I saw last summer the completed buildings of a "Central Labor College"; while in America we may take Wisconsin as merely the most striking example of this reaching out toward practical popular service. But far more important than even such significant externals is the spirit animating the teachers and workers throughout our institutions of higher learning, and I believe it to be a spirit of helpfulness and humanity. Accordingly, I can hardly conclude that a professorial union is essential to the noble purpose held out as a sort of golden lure.

It is true that such an inspiriting advocate as Mr. Cook suggests that the ideas "professor" and "union" clash, "because professors are somewhat ridiculous," and men "are not accustomed to look to them for anything requiring so much guts as the foundation of a union." (Someway that *dolce stil nuovo* devoted to emancipating the poor professor insists on recalling a glorious line from the *Battle of Bays:* "O my camorados! I have no delicatesse as a diplomat, but I go blind on

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Libertad!") Unfortunately, I cannot retort in English at once so winsome and so vigorous; but I honestly wonder whether Mr. Cook and others really believe that the professor's disinclination toward forming a union is due primarily to a lack of courage, of persistence, or of business ability. Among the thousands of college and university teachers in the country are men of the most divergent types, from ex-professor Woodrow Wilson to the veriest pygmy; but among them one would certainly not find less organizing power than among any other class of employees. The fact is, simply, that they are not interested in organizing themselves for their own profit.

At the same time I would promptly concede that there is one difficulty in the way of their making good subjects for a walking delegate,—they are too individualistic and too accustomed to reasoning why. They have been in contact with truth; and your truth-touched man is a poor follower, save toward the heights.

However, omitting many other considerations, I think the two main factors militating against professorial unionism are these: In the first place, the average professor has found the one well-spring of real happiness in this life, namely a laudable and enjoyable object for his energies. And in the second place many of them have a more than religious respect for their calling. Believing with Carducci that the highway of the ages is built upon thought, and realizing that truth is of the depths, they search and build and give the fruits of their toil to their fellow men. So far from feeling themselves "somewhat ridiculous," they are too nobly and generously proud to fight over pennies, or contend about the trappings of place and power. For others the pomp and pelf; for them the spray of wild olive.

V

Herewith we are brought to our professor no longer as a spiritless block, but as a very living creature with traces of human pride. And for myself I pray that his self-respect and combativeness may grow. Even some of the old quintains were equipped with a bag of sand on a long arm that would whirl round and smite the awkward tilter; and the professor's baiters, doing their vengeful worst, would respect him more, if he fought

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them less deferentially. If he is strong, let him show his strength; if he is weak, let him vehemently contend that the weakness that preserves is better than the strength that destroys. In dealing with certain types there is no profit in trying to be "ominously-mild and terrifically-soft."

I am only too well aware that in some academic circles it is still regarded as professorlike to don a garb of indifference and cloak enthusiasm under a jesting smile or even a chilling sneer,—"nothing new, nothing true, and no matter." But many of us are so unsophisticated that we dare to be frankly proud of our calling and heartily zealous in our evangel. What have we to do with the slothful, the mawkish, or the unmanly?

I would even add that he who does not regard his professorship as something high and sacred, ought to turn forthwith to some less momentous calling, wherein he does not run the risk of sinning against the dearest and most beautiful thing in the world, which is youth. The millstone and the depths of the sea are a trifling punishment for the teacher whose sneer or sin has blighted a burgeoning soul.

It may be presumptuous to lay claim to that sadly uncommon gift, the vision that enables one to see the infinite mystery of life, the tremendous greatness of humanity, in a humble individual; but the mystery and greatness are there and must be seen clearly and constantly by all teachers who aspire to guide students up the strength-giving steeps and fit them for the service of mankind. In any high calling pride is no mean factor, and in our own a sense of greatness may help to keep us great. We must do our daily stint a little better if we believe that after all the day's work is the world's work.

Howbeit, this very self-respect, this consciousness of lofty endeavor and endless striving, will make us our own severest judges and impart unspeakable bitterness to our frequent failures. Yet even in this we may find strength and comfort; for with such chastening we can welcome fearlessly the sharpest and cruelest criticism, knowing that it may help and cannot wound. When a man has writhed under the pitilessly searching scourge of his own soul, he cannot suffer greatly from the rod in the hands of another.

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THE IRISH HOME RULE BILL

A Humbug

JAMES DAVID KENNY

SOME time in the year 1781, the East India Company applied to the Nabob of Arcot for payment of a debt due by him to them, in respect of expenses incurred on his account, arising from the war in resistance of the invasion of the Carnatic by Hyder Ali. The Nabob was unable to pay the sum demanded. But he proposed to give, and the governor of Fort Saint George in the Carnatic, on behalf of the Company, consented to accept an assignment of the revenues accruing to the Nabob, as Lord Paramount of the Carnatic, as a security for the demand.

In pursuance of this proposal and acceptance an instrument in writing was prepared and executed, purporting to be an agreement between the Nabob and the then governor, dated 2nd December, 1781, whereby, in consequence of his assigning to the governor the revenues accruing to him as Nabob, the governor and council were to account to him for the same. In pursuance of this agreement the governor did collect and receive those revenues from December, 1781, until June, 1785.

On the latter date the Nabob was restored to the possession of his territories and to the receipt of the revenue, and by another agreement, entered into on June 21, 1785, he agreed to pay his proportion of the current charges, as stipulated by the Company, to be finally settled by a future treaty, which was entered into in 1787; and, until the exact proportion could be ascertained, he consented to consider it at 4 lakhs of pagodas a year; and also to pay 12 lakhs of pagodas annually upon account of the debt due the Company and to private creditors, till it should be discharged, and another sum for other occasions. Those " other occasions " were never disclosed either by him or by the Company.

In 1791 the Nabob filed a bill in the Court of Chancery, in England, which stated the above facts, alleged the payment of

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the above sums, charged that the Company had received more than their demand could amount to, and that upon a fair account a considerable balance would appear in his favor; and prayed for a discovery and account of the rents and profits of his territories while in possession of the Company, and that if a balance appeared in his favor it should be paid to him, submitting to pay the balance to the Company, if it should be found due to them.

The Company had plainly made up their minds to cheat him, for they pleaded in bar, alleging, among other things, that by divers charters, letters patent, deeds and acts of Parliament confirming the same, they had been given power to continue or make war or peace with any prince or power of the natives, not being Christians, in any places of their trade; and also to recompense themselves upon the goods, estate or people of those parts, by whom they should sustain any injury or interruption of their trade; that the Nabob was a sovereign prince within the places of their trade, not a Christian; that all the dealings mentioned in the bill related to matters transacted between them with regard to war and peace, and the security and defence of the territorial possessions belonging to them respectively in the Carnatic; and that they were advised, and therefore submitted that such instruments, dealings and transactions, being so entered into and done, or anything relating thereto, were not subject to any municipal jurisdiction, nor cognizable in the High Court of Chancery, nor in any court of justice whatsoever.

The matter of the bill and the plea was argued before Lord Chancellor Thurlow, who overruled the plea, holding that a fictitious body of subjects, formed by a charter, is as mere a subject as natural bodies in a state of subjection to the sovereign authority of the country, refused further time to amend the plea, and compelled the Company to answer immediately.

The answer came up for argument before the Commissioners of the Great Seal, in 1793, who kicked the Nabob out of court, stating that they had considered the matter independent of the opinion of Lord Thurlow, as their determination went on the facts as described by the Company's last answer, by which it appeared that the whole was a political transaction, and there-

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fore not cognizable in any municipal court of justive. (Nabob of Arcot v. The East India Company, 3 Brown's Ch. 292, 4 Id. 180; 1 Vesey jr. 371, 2 Id. 56.)

The substance of the ruling of the Commissioners was that political treaties between a foreign state and subjects of the Crown of Great Britain, acting as an independent state under powers granted by charter and act of Parliament, are not a subject of municipal jurisdiction, and a bill founded on such treaties will be dismissed.

There may have been some practical foundation for this ruling, outside of granted powers, in the fact that the "trade" of the Company was not merely the buying or selling of goods, or the transportation of commodities, but mainly rapine—one of the prerogatives of sovereigns, as long as they can make it good by force. But whether the particular set of facts can sustain the rule laid down, or whether it is really the established rule of English law or not, seems yet to be open to question, because the Nabob appealed to the House of Lords; but on the day the appeal stood for hearing, the directors of the East India Company received an account of his death, which put an end to the suit.

It has been assumed to be the law, however, by no less a tribunal than the Supreme Court of the United States.

In the case of The Cherokee Nation v. The State of Georgia, 5 Peters, U. S. I, Justice Johnson, referring in his opinion to this decision of the English court, says:—"There is a good deal of good sense in the rule laid down in the Nabob of Arcot's case, to wit, that as between sovereigns, breaches of treaty were not breaches of contract cognizable in a court of justice."

And Chief Justice Marshall, in the same case, says: "The bill requires us to control the legislature of Georgia, and to restrain the exertion of its physical force. The propriety of such an interposition by the court may be well questioned. It savors too much of the exercise of political power to be within the province of the judicial department. But the opinion on the question of parties makes it unnecessary to decide this question. If it be true that the Cherokee nation have rights, this is not the tribunal in which those rights are to be asserted. If it be

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true that wrongs have been inflicted, and that still greater are to be apprehended, this is not the tribunal which can redress the past or prevent the future."

While not expressly decided by the court of last resort, either in England or America, it thus appears to be taken for granted that, even where one of the parties agrees to submit to the jurisdiction, municipal courts anywhere will not take cognizance of questions involving the exercise of political power. But the Cherokees were ruled out of court upon another point.

Under the third article of the Federal Constitution the original jurisdiction of the Supreme Court of the United States extends to all cases in which a State shall be a party, and further to "controversies between a State or the citizens thereof, and foreign states, citizens or subjects."

The Cherokees, claiming to be a "foreign state," brought suit as such against the State of Georgia. Among other things, the court ruled, as by the head-note, that: "The Cherokees are a state. They have been uniformly treated as a state since the settlement of our country. The numerous treaties made with them by the United States recognize them as a people capable of maintaining the relations of war and peace; of being responsible in their political character for any violations of their engagements, or of any aggression committed on the citizens of the United States by any individual of their community. Laws have been enacted in the spirit of those treaties. The acts of our Government plainly recognize the Cherokee nation as a state; and the courts are bound by those acts."

How a "state," each individual member of which was an alien, could be, collectively, anything other than a "foreign state," and entitled, as such, to bring suit in the Supreme Court of the United States, may not be easy to see; but the majority of the court could see it. They found that the Cherokees were a "domestic dependent nation," and were, therefore, without any legal status before the court, and not entitled to sue. At a later time the same court, but with a different body of judges, ruled that "a black man has no rights that a white man is bound to respect." The legal mind is the most crooked and dishonest thing in this whole world, and can see anything at any time to

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suit itself. This ruling against the Cherokees is a memorable one, and goes to show that a people who rely upon law alone for their protection are leaning not merely on a crutch but upon a rotten stick.

The bill filed by them sets out in detail the methods by which the State of Georgia sought to destroy their territorial, legal, and political existence, their whole organization as a state, and to rob them of their land and drive them out of it, possibly even to reduce them to slavery, although their right to that land, and to political independence, had been recognized by a series of solemn treaties with the United States, which were then part of the law.

Among other instances of invasion, rapine, and doing to death, a supplemental bill filed by them, referring to the original bill, gives this: "The individual, called in that bill Corn Tassel, and mentioned as having been arrested in the Cherokee territory under process issued under the laws of Georgia, has been actually hung, in defiance of a writ of error allowed by the Chief Justice of this Court to the final sentence of the Court of Georgia in his case. That writ of error having been received by the governor of the State was, as the complainants are informed and believe, immediately communicated by him to the legislature of the State, then in session; who promptly resolved, in substance, that the Supreme Court of the United States had no jurisdiction over the subject, and advised the immediate execution of the prisoner, under the sentence of the State court; which immediately took place."

This execution of Corn Tassel was nothing less than cold-blooded murder in the name of the law. But, more than that, it was done in contempt of the authority and in defiance of the power of the Supreme Court of the United States.

There are some who think that the American Supreme Court is not merely the final judicial but the ultimate legislative authority as well, under the constitution and laws of the United States. But while this may be true to a certain extent, beyond a certain point it does not hold good in either one case or the other. Let a State make up its mind to use its physical force, or a piratical corporation, like the East India Company, train a couple of

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guns on anyone it thinks itself able to plunder; and if the victim of that force, or that rapine, applies to the court for relief, the judges walk out of the back door, and leave him in the lurch: so that unless he has the sword in his hand to fight for his own life he is doomed.

In contemplation of these two far-reaching decisions of the great courts of England and America, what will Ireland be if the Irish Home Rule Bill becomes an Act of Parliament?

I have read curiously through that bill to find out what Ireland would be, or what status it would have in an ordinary municipal court, or under the law of nations, if that bill becomes a law. And I am not able to see that it would have any status whatsoever, or that it would be anything at all. It would be no more than a bastard, a felon, or a fool among the nations. What sane, above all, what national purpose does it subserve to have its incapacity pelted in its face in an elaborate document of somewhere from 39 to 53 pages, and be branded before the whole world—Nothing?

If a fleet of fishermen, sailing across the ocean, from New Bedford or Gloucester, Massachusetts, or from Norfolk, Virginia, should pirate bait, and trawl the bottom along the shores of Ireland so as to devastate the spawning beds, within lines prohibited by Ireland itself, or by the law of nations, would the Supreme Court of the United States take jurisdiction of a suit brought by Ireland to restrain the spoliation of its seas by American fishermen?

I submit not.

Would Ireland or the Irish have any redress anywhere, or could they do anything about it?

They could not.

Further, if a fleet of pirates were to rob the shores, and sack the unprotected towns and cities lying on navigable waters along the Irish coasts, would there be any legal redress?

There would be none.

Still further, if foreign invaders were to descend upon Irish soil, and seek to acquire power over it by armed force, regularly organized, and any Irishman, for himself, or by the authority of Ireland, should cut down any of that force, for robbing

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his house, or violating his wife or daughter, he would be instantly put to death for murder, by order of any officer of that invading force. And this is what they call Home Rule!

Can a more utter humbug be imagined? It would be difficult to conceive of a more pitiable imposition endeavoring to pawn itself off upon the world as a bill for the government of Ireland by the Irish. It is nothing of the kind.

What is an Irishman under it? Is he any more than Corn Tassel, who was murdered with impunity, in cold blood, in the name of the law? The bill does not recognize that there is such a thing in existence as an Irishman. I have searched anxiously through it in order to find out what I should be myself; and I am not able to see that I would have any status as an Irishman anywhere in the world. Is such an imposition as this to be accepted as giving existence or expression to any form of national life, even the lowest and basest? Surely not. It is an express disclaimer and prohibition of anything and everything of the kind.

It reads like a grotesque and profane parody of the Decalogue.

"There shall be in Ireland an Irish Parliament," says this bill; but "notwithstanding the establishment of the Irish Parliament or anything contained in this act, the supreme power and authority of the Parliament of the United Kingdom shall remain unaffected and undiminished over all persons, matters, and things in Ireland and every part thereof."

The Irish Parliament shall not have power to make laws in respect of "the Crown, or the succession to the Crown, or a regency, or the property of the Crown."

"The Irish Parliament shall not have power to make any laws" in respect to "the making of peace or war or matters arising from a state of war; or the regulation of the conduct of any portion of his Majesty's subjects during the existence of hostilities between foreign states with which his Majesty is at peace, in relation to those hostilities; or the navy, the army, the territorial force, or the defence of the realm, or any other naval or military matter."

The Irish Parliament shall not have power to make laws

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in respect of " trade with any place out of Ireland—; the granting of bounties on the export of goods; quarantine; or navigation, including merchant shipping—; or any postal services and the rates of charge therefor—; or designs for stamps—; or lighthouses, buoys, or beacons—; or coinage; legal tender; or any change in the standard of weights and measures; or trade marks, copyright, or patent rights."

The Irish Parliament shall not have power to make laws in respect to " the collection of taxes."

" In the exercise of their power to make laws under this act the Irish Parliament shall not make a law so as either directly or indirectly to establish or endow any religion, or prohibit or restrict the free exercise thereof, or give a preference, privilege, or advantage, or impose any disability or disadvantage, on account of religious belief or religious or ecclesiastical status, or make any religious belief or religious ceremony a condition of the validity of any marriage, or affect prejudicially the right of any child to attend a school receiving public money without attending the religious instruction at that school, or alter the constitution of any religious body except where the alteration is approved on behalf of the religious body by the governing body thereof, or divert from any religious denomination the fabric of cathedral churches or, except for the purpose of roads, railways, lighting, water, or drainage works, or other works of public utility upon payment of compensation, any other property."

In one of the foregoing clauses, which is the third section of the bill, religion and the law of Eminent Domain are balled up together in a most extraordinary and incongruous manner, if it is not by design with some ulterior object. It is on the face of it an absurdity that a country with a State religion, to which the mass pay toll whether they like or not, should lay it down dogmatically that this, that, or the other should, or should not, be done in the name of religious equality. Better begin religious equality by disestablishing its own Church, and by removing the stigma of disqualification now enacted by law against the members of certain religious bodies. A prescription of religious equality where a Catholic cannot be King as matter of law, any more than he can become President of the United States as a

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matter of fact, is a humbug on its face. Besides, if one man has no right to bind the conscience of another, what right has one country to lay down a rule for another as to what it shall decree in regard to the public worship of God? The ancient, apostolic Church brought into Ireland by St. Patrick, under divine guidance, and established by Columba in Iona, has a higher historic right than any Christian establishment now existing to call itself national. It might extend that claim even outside of Ireland as a matter of history and of fact.

Why should matters of conscience, of faith, of morals, or of worship be confused in the same clause with questions that affect the ownership of land? If the disposition by Ireland of its own land is not a purely Irish question, what can be? There can be none. This section, of itself alone, in saying that Ireland a nation shall not be free to make laws affecting its own body, or its own soul, takes away the very fundamental essentials of self-government, and makes national existence an impossibility.

Then, according to this proposed law, Ireland must not raise its hand against domestic traitors, or foreign enemies. The door must be left wide open for the spy, the informer, and the invader. Three hundred years ago old O'Neil couldn't carouse a cup of sack without some scoundrel at his elbow, or behind his back, to report what he said and did to the English Government. Under this bill the whole atmosphere of Ireland must be kept perpetually saturated with the same snaky treachery as in times gone by.

Nor can the country collect its own taxes, any more than the Nabob of Arcot could collect his own revenues under the agreement forced upon him by the East India Company, at the point of the bayonet. It is a rule of international law that if a country has reason to believe that funds belonging to another will be used against it, it has a right to appropriate them to its own use, if it can get them within its clutches. Is it for this reason that Ireland is deprived of the right to handle its own money, a right denied, at the ordinary municipal law, only to those who are mentally defective?

Again, Ireland is not to have power to make laws in regard to trade, commerce, or navigation. In the face of a prohibition

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such as this what hope or possibility is there that the legend—Θέατα ἀπὸ μηχανῆς—can prevail, or hold its own even in Ireland itself, against the fact and the statement, printed in plain English,—"Made in Germany." While the whole civilized world hums with the buzz and throb of engines, and the roar and rattle of machinery, by which man adds more than ten thousand fold to the labor of his hands, Ireland cannot lift a finger to promote its own industries, to protect itself, or to create employment for its own people inside of its own lines. It is to be kept down to the level of grass forever. Outside of a few favored places, all the real money it is to receive must come from grazing cattle, milking cows, and forking hay. It is thus to be forced down, and kept down permanently, by law, at a stage of civilization and development only one step above that of savagery; a stock farm for the accommodation of England. Is this Home Rule?

If one of the States of the Union were to be deprived of all these powers, or to surrender them voluntarily, would it any longer be a Sovereign Commonwealth? Would it even be a State? Would it be anything at all? It wouldn't have the status even of the Cherokees. For they had, at least, the right to bear arms, solemnly recognized by treaty, and to die sword in hand in defence of their lives, their homes, and their territory.

Perhaps in the history of the whole human race there has never yet been written down, in cold blood, as coming from men only, anything to equal the almost inconceivable, and wholly unconscious, insolence of the provisions here quoted from this Irish Home Rule Bill.

After pride there comes a fall. And if Great Britain ever bites the dust, and it is within the limit of possibility that it may, the British House of Parliament that propounded this document will be the cause of it. It isn't in the mind or in the heart of man to accept such words, coming from one people to another, as anything other than an invasion of human right, a flying in the face of Divine Providence. And we Irish must have sunk very low when some of us can accept them as a beneficence and a gratuity. That the same submission which is voluntarily tendered to God should, under any circumstances, be demanded

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by, or rendered to man, makes the mind revolt at the thought of it. It makes us turn instinctively to the insulted Deity and pray that, through His interposition, the day may come when we shall have a country of our own, fully equipped in all the departments of war and peace, and when we can say, with all reverence and humility but with confidence of heart, that we Irish bow down to and fear God and nothing else in this world.

Looking at this Irish Home Rule Bill from a purely practical point of view—whether it be a contract, a treaty, a law, or a concession is immaterial—after all these powers are withheld or surrendered, what is there for this proposed Irish Parliament to do? What can 164 representatives and 40 senators be needed for if three men can do the work without making speeches, or if they are prohibited by law from making speeches? Some idea of the probable occupation of the new representatives may be secured by looking back to see how members of the old Parliament in College Green passed their time, or entertained the audience, more than 100 years ago. The idea of doing anything definite for the welfare of the country never seemed to get into any of their heads.

Henry Grattan, after assailing Bully Egan with an unsparing tongue, said: "He has talked much of French principles and of insurrection, and, I believe, amongst other things, said something of cutting off my head, and this in a manner so peculiarly his own that, though I did not actually see the *guillotine* of which he spoke, I certainly thought I saw the *executioner*."

Egan retorted by saying: "I will teach him that no *little duodecimo volume of abuse* shall discharge its rancorous contents against my person or my character without meeting the treatment it deserves."

Grattan then called him a vulgar ruffian, a blockhead, a black soul, which the buffoons of the day turned into sole, and whatever else came first to his tongue. And this was at a time, in the interval between 1782 and 1800, when that old Parliament actually had power, but when its very existence was in jeopardy.

O'Flanagan, in his history of the Irish Bar, says: "It is truly pitiable to find educated gentlemen, elected to discuss affairs of grave importance, the interests of constituents and coun-

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try, fling aside all thought of duty and indulge in recriminations and personalities such as I here set down. Among those who should combine together for the common weal were Grattan and Egan, both decidedly hostile to the projected Union, and here they were abusing each other in the most scurrilous terms."

If this is all that the best men in that old Parliament could do for Ireland when the assembly of which they were members still had power, and had both physical force and the force of public opinion behind it, although neither really Irish, nor representing the aims and aspirations of the majority of the Irish of that day, what are we to expect from a legislature that is so far gagged and bound that it has nothing left to do, by way of business or pleasure, but to bespatter itself with the rotten eggs, mud, and filth of the English language?

That old Parliament was composed of two classes of people, ranters and rogues, and the rogues got the best of it. They were such debased rascals, or the ethical standards were at that time so low, that they didn't even think or believe that they were traitors to their country. The ranters exhausted themselves in vituperation, and the rogues thanked God that they had a country to sell, and sold it for all that they could get, money, titles, place, each for himself. A recrudescence of the same classes of people may be looked for, if this Home Rule Bill is made law; but of a different, and, if possible, even of a meaner type. On the one hand, or both, a band of vituperators among whom the most expert mud-slinger shall be deemed the greatest orator. On the other, or both, a body of self-seeking schemers, ready to sell themselves, or their country, for anything they can get: small grafters looking for small jobs, representing a multitude of small rogues looking for small farms. Deprived, as it is, of every vital function that goes to make up the representative power of a nation, under such a law it isn't possible that there could be anything national about such an assembly.

One of the reasons assigned by some of the Anglo-Irish in 1800 for supporting the Act of Union was that the result would be to raise Ireland from the condition of a small, half-independent state to that of a governing member of the greatest empire in the world. It is entirely intelligible that an Irishman

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of English descent might honestly take this view. It is entirely intelligible that this would be a rational, and, leaving out trade and economic considerations, even a wise policy, if all Irishmen were one people, and of English descent. Ireland was, as a matter of fact, a governing member of the Empire under Mr. Parnell.

But that was a purely personal achievement, and, although borne along by Irish agrarianism and American dollars, had nothing to do with the national aims and purposes of us Irish of the ancient race, who find our country under the dominion of aliens, and who want to recover it back from them. The Empire is no affair of ours. And this is especially true in view of the fact that this Home Rule Bill is expressly designed to make it impossible for Ireland ever again to have any weight in its councils.

Looked at as a work of British policy, the bill has a manifest double purpose. One of these is to thrust the country back more than 400 years in its national development by creating such an impotent local Parliament as existed under Poynings' Law, a law enacted to suit the purposes of those who received the pay and did the work, in Ireland, of the English Government of that day. The Irish of that time had nothing to do with the Statute of Drogheda. Not one in ten thousand of them could have understood a word of it. They lived under their own laws, and paid no attention to Poynings or his parliament. Under a powerless body of mere talkers, such as this Home Rule Bill proposes to create, there can be no chance for a military leader, like Brian Boru, to arise who might cut to pieces marauders landing on Ireland's shores, or drive them into the sea, or for a Hugh O'Neil to fight organized governments that might assail it into bankruptcy: and not a ghost of a possibility of Irish independence forever.

The other is to make sure that no political genius springing up in Ireland, like Mr. Parnell, should ever again acquire a commanding position in the British House of Commons. This is done very neatly by cutting the representation of Ireland in the House from what it is now down to 42. And of these forty-two, fifteen are from Ulster, more than a third of the representa-

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tion of the whole country, leaving, perhaps, a score who might have some special regard for Ireland. And if this small band should put itself forward at all as a national representation, it would either be browbeaten or bullied, bought or laughed at by the Government for the time being.

The whole plan is a lawyer's crooked scheme which makes a nominal concession to Ireland, inside of its own lines, but which withholds from it everything that would give it real power as a state or a nation; and which, at the same time, reduces it to impotence in the British Parliament by decapitating its representation there. If it were a humbug only it might be handed back with a smile to those who offer it, saying that the Irish are credited with a sense of humor; but it is not merely a humbug, it is a fraud; and, as such, it ought to be flung into the fire and burned.

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ASPECTS OF THE ENGLISH SUFFRAGE MOVEMENT

J. SALWYN SCHAPIRO

SOME future historian will describe the twentieth century as the Age of the Discovery of Woman. The feminist movement is indeed the most significant phenomenon of our time and, strangely enough, it is the English woman—that favorite child of Mrs. Grundy—who is the chief protagonist of the emancipation of her sex: and England, of all lands the most insular, has become the battlefield whereon the destiny of half the human race will be decided. Even the Socialist propaganda, so powerful elsewhere, is eclipsed in that country by Woman Suffrage, which has drawn to itself the reforming energies of the rising generation. For this, there are several explanations. In the first place, universal manhood suffrage is not now and never has been either the accepted theory or the prevalent practice in Great Britain. There, property not man has the right to vote; and the expansion of the franchise has been brought about solely through the contraction of the property qualification. Even now, although there exists what is virtually manhood suffrage, a British subject must have an independent domicile of a rental value of at least £10 a year in order to be entitled to vote. The Englishman doesn't have to acknowledge woman as an equal, but he must admit that she is a property owner; and for one to have property and not the ballot is to the average British mind a thing inconceivable. He hasn't even the American's answer that voting is a man's job and so seeks refuge from Woman Suffrage arguments in stubborn silence. His very respect for the rights of property has been the Briton's undoing, for the suffragists have turned this conservative sentiment to radical uses by demanding the equal treatment of property. Of course this is mere logic, of which Englishmen are proverbially contemptuous. But not so the Englishwomen. They are keenly aware of the fact that if political privileges are not granted to property, taxation becomes virtually confiscation; and the heroic virtues that can be generated by the property instinct are familiar to all students of his-

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tory. The average Englishman, naturally disposed to be fair, desires in his way to do what is right; but his way of doing right is to do it by instalments. It is now fairly well understood that if the Conservative party is triumphant in the next general election, the property-owning women will be given the ballot. And so the Liberals will be "dished" again.

In recent years, women have been crowding the English colleges and universities. Unlike her American sister, the Englishwoman is not encouraged to exercise her abilities in any useful way. The "gentle" tradition of doing nothing is still binding in England, particularly in regard to women, who are the tradition bearers of the race. They are barred from entering the higher professions, and even school teaching is largely a man's affair. Marriage as a career becomes impossible for many because, owing to constant emigration, there are now over a million more women than men in Great Britain. A new type has therefore appeared, a highly educated woman, economically independent, with nothing to do. And what is more natural than that she should turn to the feminist movement as an expression of discontent with a world that first grudgingly grants her opportunities for self-improvement, and then coolly denies her the rewards of talent and ambition? Let it be understood that the Woman Suffrage movement is largely a middle-class affair, and for that reason very likely to succeed. Economic independence backed by intelligence forms a combination too dangerous to oppose even if found in the physically weaker sex.

For generations Englishwomen have been in politics. They have often exerted a powerful influence in electoral battles by their political activity as organizers and speakers. The men accepted these labors as a matter of course, for wasn't woman's greatest virtue self-sacrifice! It slowly began to dawn on the minds of many Englishwomen that the game of politics could be played to the advantage of themselves as a sex. This seemed perfectly natural to them, but quite unnatural to the men who now began to see in the political activity of women something "unwomanly." What had once been considered a virtue had now become a vice.

Any race, class or sex, driven into a corner by society, will

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develop peculiar virtues and vices, generally the latter. Underlying the feminist movement there is discernible a passionate yearning to exchange old virtues for new. The women deeply resent the monopoly of those virtues by *man*kind that properly belong to *human*kind. Tenderness and affection are no more peculiarly feminine than loyalty and strength of character are masculine. If there is any one thing that the militant suffragettes have shown, it is that they possess the so-called masculine virtues in superabundance. Young girls, barely out of their teens, have faced rough London crowds with a coolness and daring that would have won them the Victoria Cross, had they been British soldiers on the field of battle. What is distinctly characteristic of the militants is not their hysteria, but their calmness, foresight and planfulness. Every act is coldly considered, its effects nicely calculated, and then deliberately carried out. Nevertheless, common opinion holds them hysterical for the reason that the average person cannot imagine how it is possible for a woman to become intensely interested in anything save in a man or a child. Hence, fighting for an idea, praised as a sublime enthusiasm in men, is denounced as a form of "hysteria" in women.

The feminist movement has been instrumental in effecting a psychologic revolution among large numbers of women who, until now, had accepted uncomplainingly their lot as a part of the divine and natural order of things. For once they, as a sex, have become socially subjective. They want to know about themselves, how they lived in days gone by,—their place in social evolution,—their present status in the different countries,—the real attitude of men toward them,—why they are given certain privileges and denied certain rights. History, which for so long had been mere gossip chronicling the doings of kings and courts, was singularly silent about the doings of the common people, until the working classes made their presence felt. And now it is being rewritten from the economic point of view. The women, too, are beginning to wonder why history is so reticent about them. Can it be that they, like the working class, have been outside of humanity? Have women been mere mind-

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less bodies, roaming aimlessly throughout the ages, a disinherited sex that had gotten only the crumbs of civilization!

For the first time women are experiencing the emotion of comradeship because for the first time in history they now have a common cause. Fighting and suffering for a common ideal has given them a sense of sex solidarity never before known. The petty vices of vanity and jealousy so frequently observed in women are scarcely found among the suffragists, who are distinguished by loyalty to each other and faith in their leaders. In one of the London riots, a policeman was about to strike a woman with his stick when another was seen to rush forward and receive the blow. Mrs. Pankhurst and other leaders are always gallantly defended by bodyguards of women whose courage and devotion are the admiration of the police themselves. Anyone who has attended the famous Monday afternoon meetings at the Pavilion Theatre in London must have marvelled at the way women ceased to be a bevy and became a crowd. The applause, the cheering, the telling interruptions, the vibration of many individuals to a common idea, in other words, the spirit of the crowd was as manifest in them as in an assembly of men. In battling for emancipation there has also been aroused in women the totally new feeling of sex-pride. They glory in being feminine and distinctly repudiate mannishness of any kind. To be a new woman means to them that one is filled with the new desire to lift the curse that has lain on womanhood ever since Adam delved and Eve span.

Any class struggling for emancipation will appeal to the sentiments of humanity. They will declare that it isn't for themselves that they are fighting, but for humanity as a whole. In this way did the middle classes in the Nineteenth Century and now the working-men appeal to the sympathy of the world. But all too frequently has humanity been overlooked when victory was finally won. The middle classes who triumphed in 1832 deliberately betrayed the working-men without whose assistance the Reform Bill could not have been wrested from the intrenched aristocracy. The aristocrats of labor, the Trade Unionists, now politically powerful, look with calm indifference on the fate of the vast mass of submerged humanity whose po-

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litical wills are broken by economic helplessness. Genuine all-embracing democracy has been singularly absent in the democratic advance of the Nineteenth Century. It is present now in the Woman Suffrage movement. In spite of the fact that the women engaged in it are almost exclusively from the comfortable middle classes, in spite of the fact that many of them are conservative by temperament, the logic of the situation, in which an entire sex, rich or poor, is discriminated against, has forced them to realize that women are indeed all sisters even if men are not all brothers. In their speeches, books and pamphlets the Suffragists are continually sounding the note of Social Reform. We want the ballot, they say, in order to better the condition of women in industry, abolish child labor, cure prostitution, in short to reform a system of society in which the weak and helpless are the especial game of the profiteering exploiter. "We have always pitied the hooligans who have assaulted us," recently declared Mrs. Pankhurst, "because we have known why they existed. We have known that they existed because of evil conditions, because of bad laws. When we have looked into the faces of the undersized abortions who have insulted us, seeing their young faces distorted with vice and disease, it has given us courage to fight in this movement, to bear what we have borne, and to go on with our weary struggle."

Should the property-owning women get the vote, they will immediately continue to fight for their sisters in the working-class with whom they are now in active sympathy. Women of title, imprisoned with factory girls for acts of militancy, have insisted on equal treatment in spite of the well-known tenderness of the English authorities to prisoners of social position. A storm of indignation once swept a suffrage meeting when it was announced that Lady Sybil Smith, daughter of an earl, who had been given a jail sentence, was set free, presumably on account of her rank. This act was bitterly denounced as typical of a "snob Government" which was now discriminating between classes, just as it had for so long discriminated between sexes. If ever there was a bourgeois movement that was possessed by the soul of complete democracy it is that of Woman Suffrage.

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To the average Englishman, all this is dreadfully upsetting and confusing. He cannot understand what it is that has turned this patient Griselda into a defiant fury bent on flying into the face of everything that is traditionally womanly and "English." To be content with that station in life in which it has pleased God to call one, as that most English of books, the Book of Common Prayer, phrases it, might even more fitly apply to women than to the lower classes. Under the present social order a woman is really a station in life from which there is seemingly no escape, for nature as well as God has apparently put her there. And the Englishman, thoughtful of God and mindful of nature, simply and prayerfully acquiesces in this arrangement. But the modern woman will not have it so and has openly dared to flout Britain's supreme vice masquerading as her supreme virtue,—respectability,—by speaking on all subjects that concern her own welfare, by becoming an outlaw rather than recognize a Government that persists in treating her as a minor. If this be hysteria, let her enemies make the most of it.

If the enfranchisement of the working classes was a "leap in the dark," the enfranchisement of women would be a dash for the unknown. In one way or another, be it through Parliamentary weakness as in Germany, the caste system as in England, military idealism as in France or Supreme Court decisions as in America, the fangs of universal suffrage have been drawn.

It is really doubtful at times whether the capitalists are as seriously concerned over the advance of Socialism as they pretend to be. The man who has, has taken the measure of the man who hasn't, and feels sure of his ability to prevent any harm that the latter might be meditating against the present social order. But woman is an unknown quantity. Who knows what she will do once she becomes captain of her own soul? From the vasty deep of his ignorance of her, man has conjured up the spirit of fear, doubt and mistrust. Some oppose equal suffrage because they fear women will be too radical; others, curiously enough, for exactly the opposite reason. The truth of the matter is that men are afraid that women, once they share in the direction of the State, will modify Society to suit their inter-

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est as a sex, and this may be disadvantageous to the hitherto dominant male.

In the past, civilization has only too often meant civilization for the few and barbarism for the many. During the Golden Age of Pericles, when the Greek intellect had reached its most fruitful development, the mass of people in Athens,—the workers and the women,—were sunk in ignorance and superstition. This was likewise true of Rome in the Age of Augustus, of Italy during the Renaissance and of France in the Age of Louis XIV. It is a warped civilization streaked all over with the barbarism of the disinherited that we are now trying to perfect. Man has paid for excluding women from the full benefits of progress by himself remaining semi-barbaric. The feminist movement in its deepest sense means that women shall be permitted to grow to their full stature, spiritually, intellectually and socially; perhaps she will then prove an aid instead of a hindrance in the work of the world. To reverse the epigram of George Meredith, Man will be the first thing civilized by Woman.

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MAKING GOVERNMENT EFFICIENT

VERNICE EARLE DANNER

FOR several generations the legislative system of our States has been the acme of inefficiency. It has been the promoter of graft, the harbinger of corruption, the creator of legal blunders, the mother of high taxes, and a barrier to every effort toward progress. Whole libraries have been written about the weakness of the system, but only a few remedies have ever been suggested, and usually these have been inadequate. Reformers have pleaded for the election of better legislators, forgetting that we already get the best that the system calls for. They have clamored for the amendment of rules, ignoring the fact that experience has already taught us that in legislative matters one rule is hardly ever any better than another. The crux of the whole matter is that our legislative system is an old worn-out machine, as it were, and must be consigned to the scrap-heap before any effectual relief can be obtained.

Our legislative system is the relic of conditions a century or more old, when the people were divided into Lords and Commons and it was thought each must have a legislative body to keep the other from oppressing it. But there are no longer any Lords and Commons. Now it is the sovereign people who rule, and as far as governmental matters are concerned, in theory at least, one man is as good as another. Even that old antiquated idea that the people were not competent to elect their United States Senators has finally been broken down, and the last excuse for a dual legislative system based upon a division of sovereignty has passed away.

Political scientists have defended the dual legislative system for ages on the ground that a unicameral legislature is likely to act too hastily in legislative matters, and that therefore there must be two bodies, one to hold the other in check. But what appears to be a very pretty theory here has not worked out in practice. One of the worst troubles with our present dual system is the hasty action it encourages. The time that should be spent in careful and deliberate consideration of business is often

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spent in petty political quarrels. This has resulted, not in giving us an efficient governing body, but the most inefficient sort of one possible; not in providing a legal system to take any pride in, but one so crude, so complicated, so unscientific that we have to maintain a judiciary almost a dozen times as large as that of any other nation in the world to protect our citizenship from the unjust application of laws, while at the same time it permits more criminals to escape just punishment than are punished!

Let us examine some concrete examples of the inefficiency of our legislative system. Take Oklahoma for illustration. Her system of government but a few years ago was heralded as the acme of radicalism. Many precedents in government were smashed all to pieces when Oklahoma's constitution was made. But her legislative system was left as antiquated as that of all the other States!

The Oklahoma legislature consists of forty-four senators and ninety-nine representatives. Her senators serve four years or two legislative sessions of sixty days each, and receive six dollars a day, plus their mileage, for their services. The mileage doesn't amount to much, especially if the senator lives anywhere near the capital. Her representatives serve two years, or one legislative session of sixty days, and receive six dollars a day, or three hundred and sixty dollars plus their mileage.

The campaign at which these legislators are elected usually lasts about five months—two before the primary at which they are nominated, and three after the primary. They must pay their own expenses before the primary, and most of them afterwards. They must also contribute to the party campaign fund, both before and after the primary. If a candidate has any opposition at all he will spend the larger part of his salary before he ever gets it, and he is usually very lucky if he doesn't spend it all, or more.

This being the inducement for a man to run for the legislature, what kind of men usually get into the race? They may be divided roughly into five classes, as follows: First, some young, ambitious fellow, generally a "budding" lawyer, who knows little or nothing about the science of government, and who expects to use the position, if he wins it, as a stepping-stone

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to some higher political office; second, some broken-down politician who has failed at everything else he has ever tried and seeks the place because he can find nothing else to do; third, some one who justs wants the experience—some one who thinks he has a patriotic feeling and cannot get rid of it in any other way—who seeks the place out of idle curiosity much in the same way that a giddy girl wants to "shoot-the-shoots" at a county fair or a street carnival; fourth, the really competent man who seeks the place with an ulterior motive,—that is, as the tool of some special interest or to sell his influence to some special interest as soon as he gets into office; and fifth, the man who seeks the place with a patriotic motive, to represent some good cause, but who either succumbs to the temptations to "graft" that come his way, or in the hurly-burly of legislative action gets lost in the madding throng, so that the purity of his intentions is left to bloom unseen!

When a legislature convenes there is always a lot of time wasted in organizing, and in passing out patronage to satisfy party workers who have helped in the campaign. As a matter of fact, the actual business of the average legislature takes up comparatively little of the time of the session. The following computation made of the last Illinois legislature is a good sample of the average: Three weeks were spent in electing a Speaker, followed by a week of idleness; five weeks were then consumed in electing two United States Senators; two more weeks went in attending the President's inauguration; then the body got back to business and spent two more weeks in completing the organization; the next four weeks were given over to the reading of bills and committee hearings; during the next four weeks twenty-five per cent. of the bills of the session were passed; and then during the remaining two weeks of the session the other seventy-five per cent. of the bills were passed! A total of twenty-three weeks was spent, or one hundred and thirty-eight working days, which cost the tax-payers of the State four thousand dollars a day in salaries and expenses!

But the worst evil that comes out of our present system is not the time wasted. In the organization fights which every legislature has there is much bitter feeling developed, and when

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the fight is over there is nearly always a divided legislature. It is not infrequently that we hear legislators complaining that they could not get this or that bit of good legislation through because they did not belong to the crowd which was in control. The side which wins almost invariably gets vaunted up over its victory. And often the side which loses spends the rest of the session embarrassing the side in control. Thus there is a continual see-saw, until the session is nearly over, and then the bills are rushed through haphazardly and every other way.

The last Kansas legislature was in session forty-nine days. During that time seventeen hundred bills and three hundred and sixty resolutions were introduced. Just think of it! That was over forty-two bills and resolutions to be passed upon each day! No one man, with no possible chance for a difference of opinion, could have done justice to the work. But in the Kansas legislature there were one hundred and sixty-five men to consider these bills, with the possibility of one hundred and sixty-five differences of opinion!

The cumbersomeness of our present legislative system is one of its greatest faults. Out of necessity most of the legislation enacted has to be considered first in committees. This is an open confession that the work cannot be done in the way we would expect a body of men to do it. The reason is that either there would be so many opinions as to what ought to be done, or no one would know anything about the subject and would have no way to find out. So the matter is assigned to a committee to look it up. In most cases the committee's report is accepted. Now, if we are going to have our laws made by committees, why not get an expert one, and discard the dead timber?

Under our present system many of the bills which are introduced in our legislatures are purely local in character. Each member represents a small locality to the exclusion of the rest of the State. Each member thinks he has to get something for his county in order to make good. So he sets his heart on this something, and then in order to get it he trades votes with every other member, so that each one gets just what he wants, whether it is good for the whole State or not, and—Oh well, no matter

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about the tax-payer! He's only a small thing in government. If he doesn't like it, he simply elects another legislator to do the same thing over!

Very seldom do more than one twenty-fifth of the bills introduced in the average legislature concern the State as a whole. Now the pity of it is that our legislators are elected to look after these local bills, so the tax-payer hasn't really anything to grumble over if the serious business of the State suffers for lack of consideration. Our legislators haven't time for that! The science of government is no trivial matter. It requires deep study and expert knowledge. The special interests have learned this long ago, and they have employed experts to look after their work before the legislatures. The people haven't learned this lesson yet, but they will in time. As a result of our present system the special interests make most of our important laws. A good example of this is the amending of the Oklahoma bank deposit guaranty law by the last legislature. None of the legislators felt competent to tackle this job. They all had too many little local matters to look after. So the bankers of the State were asked to frame a bill to suit them, inasmuch as they had done most of the complaining about the old law, and submit it to the committee on banking. The bankers did this, and the law was enacted with only a few unimportant changes. The legislators did a lot of wrangling about the bill to make the people believe that they were really interested in the guaranty law, but as a matter of fact they were just killing time, and didn't care a snap whether the bill was passed or not. It should be said to the credit of the bankers that the new law is an improvement over the old one in many ways, but they also succeeded in getting a joker into the law which, unless it is changed, will ultimately mean the abandonment of the guaranty system. That is what the bankers really wanted, but they didn't dare to ask for it all at once. So they arranged to get it gradually.

In the average legislature there are about forty committees at work. A great part of the session is taken up, after the organization is completed, in committee hearings. These committees kill a lot of time, and often all forty of them have reports

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to make during the very closing hours of the session. They will dabble along until their time is about up, and then to avoid working overtime without pay they will rush things through, sometimes with no consideration at all. Then they will hie themselves away to their farms to sit on the fence and gossip about their careers as Solons of their great sovereign State, or to some clientless law office to dream of the next step in the political game! As an example of how haphazardly laws are thus rushed through sometimes, one State legislature not long ago passed a law making it a misdemeanor "to discharge a fire-arm upon any public road, except for the purpose of killing a noxious animal or an officer in pursuit of his duty." Another legislature enacted a law prohibiting owners of live-stock from running at large!

Our present legislative system is extremely costly. The printing bill of every legislature in Oklahoma since statehood has run at about two hundred dollars a day. Most of this is sheer extravagance as far as obtaining results is concerned. Oklahoma has had seven sessions of her legislature since statehood, which have cost the State in per diem expenses and mileage of members alone $862,930, or an average of $1,560.45 per day for each day actually in session! In each one of these sessions a small band of members practically controlled all legislation. In the final analysis this means that the State paid a few men over fifteen hundred dollars a day to enact a few laws for it, to say nothing of the other extravagant expenses that the system entails. With that money the State could have employed the best experts in the country and would have come out ahead on expenses, and with a really wise code of laws in the place of the jumble that it did get!

If we would apply the same principle to State governments as we have to city governments in many places, most of the evils of our dual legislative system would vanish. Here is the remedy: Abolish our dual legislative system, create a small commission of experts to make our laws, clothe them with power and responsibility, make their term of office at least six years, pay them a salary commensurate with the service to be expected,

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keep them continually in session, and make them subject to the recall.

It is a rather revolutionary remedy. But it is the only one which will bring the relief we ought to have. Some will say that it is unrepublican, or undemocratic. But the people no longer pay any attention to those old stock arguments. The primary was unrepublican, but it has come and has driven the old political boss from his velvet seat of ease. The initiative and referendum were unrepublican, but they have enthroned the people with sovereign power. The direct election of United States Senators was unrepublican, but it has transformed the upper house of Congress into a power for reform. Just so, commission government for States may be undemocratic or unrepublican in form, but it has the elements which will put efficiency into legislative affairs, rout graft and corruption from their favorite haunts, reduce taxes, and give us a legal system which will respond to the demands of common sense and justice. Anything to-day is republican or democratic in essence which gives us justice and efficiency. That is the backbone of democracy in its true sense. It is the thing which gave democracy its birth, and it is the thing which the people have been clamoring for all down through the ages ever since Magna Charta!

The coming age is going to be one governed by experts. The best governed countries in the world to-day are those which invite experts to aid them in the making of their laws. We are going to get away from that antiquated idea that true democracy consists in everybody having a hand in government. The people in the future are not going to be the framers of our laws, but the judges of them. They are going to run their government just as they run their business, just as a farmer runs his farm. He does not invent all his machinery. He leaves that to the expert, the inventor. He buys the product of this expert, and if it is not good he discards it. So in the future we are going to have experts to invent the machinery of our government, and by means of the initiative and referendum we are going to keep the good and discard the bad; and through the recall we are going to discharge the poor inventor. We have to-day expert foremen to run our factories. Why shouldn't we have

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expert foremen to run our government? We train expert school teachers to run our schools, and we have expert physicians to look after our health, and expert lawyers to get us in and out of trouble. Why shouldn't we have expert legislators or managers to run our government? The trouble with us so far is that we haven't made government a serious business.

Prussia has the best tax system in the world. Experts devised it. Wisconsin is the best governed State in the United States. Experts run it. Kansas, until recently, had eighteen different commissions looking after the State's business. She has now consolidated them into three and the people are happy, because taxes are less, and the government's business is being better looked after, because these commissioners make the State's business their first concern, instead of their own business their first concern as they used to. Nearly forty States have tax commissions, many have corporation commissions, and everywhere in fact the tide of commission government is sweeping everything before it—everywhere except in our State legislatures; to that old, antiquated system we are still clinging blindly, like barnacles to the hull of an old rotten ship!

Most of the bills enacted by our legislatures are faulty in some respect. Some of them are unconstitutional, others have no enacting clauses, and still others are so worded that the courts interpret them to mean just the opposite to what the framers intended them to mean. As a result of this mess of things each State has to maintain in its attorney-general's office several assistants who do little else except render opinions as to the meaning of this or that law.

Contrast now if you will this condition with that which prevails in commission-governed cities. The legislative body there usually consists of about five commissioners, one of whom is the presiding officer of the city. These commissioners give all their time to their work, and hold regular sessions, at which are brought up matters for legislative action, either by the commissioners themselves, or by outsiders. When a condition arises which demands the enactment of a new law, the commission studies the matter out and instructs the city counsellor to draw up an ordinance covering that subject. The counsellor is a

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man skilled in legal procedure, and knows how to get up a law that will stand the test of the courts, and at the same time meet the exigencies of the times. He draws up the ordinance, submits typewritten copies to the commissioners, who look it over carefully and order it amended or passed. Everything is done in a business-like way, and the ordinance goes into effect a sound legal instrument. The cost to the tax-payers has been a mere pittance compared to what it would have cost to get a law of no more importance through the average State legislature. Efficient government takes the place of tomfoolery!

Suppose we had a commission of twelve expert lawmakers—men skilled in the science of government—in place of a typical legislature of one hundred and fifty members. Then suppose that some law on the statute books needed amending. This commission could call in representatives of all lines of business and consult them relative to the needed changes. They could study the subject, scientifically, themselves. Then when they had arrived at an agreement as to what should be done with the statute, they could instruct the attorney-general to draw up amendments embodying the agreed-upon changes. The law, when amended, would be a sound legal instrument, and there would be little likelihood of its being overthrown in the courts, as is done with many laws now. In fact, much time of the average legislature is absolutely wasted owing to the fact that so many laws are declared null and void by the courts. It is folly to attack the courts for this. The inefficient legislative system is to blame, not the courts.

A good example of how efficiency in government must give way to inefficiency under our present legislative system occurred in the last Oklahoma legislature. The attorney-general had studied out the tax problem in Oklahoma very thoroughly. To begin with, he had acquainted himself with the fundamental principles of the science of taxation. He had attended several national conferences on taxation problems. He had had experience with the Oklahoma system as it was and he knew its defects. He drew up a system of taxation which would have been a credit to the State. In many ways it was a model system. He submitted it to the legislature. There a hundred and forty-

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three men all had different ideas about the attorney-general's proposals. They didn't want to admit their ignorance on tax matters in the open so they thought that they would have to tear the plan to pieces a little. They did considerable tearing before they got through. In fact they eliminated entirely the best parts of the law, and enacted what was left. It was such a mess that the author was ashamed of it. Under any plan of efficient government Oklahoma would have one of the best tax systems in the world to-day; instead she has one of the worst!

Numerous suggestions have been offered as to how an expert legislative commission should be composed. Governor Hodges, who suggested the proposition to the legislature of his State last winter, thinks it should be composed of about twelve men, one elected from each of eight congressional districts and four elected at large. He thinks, too, that the governor of the State should be an " ex-officio " member of the body. He would have the twelve commissioners represent all the varied interests of the State, would pay them a good salary, have them elected for from four to six years, and make them subject to the recall. He would abolish the office of lieutenant-governor, and would make all the officers of the State appointive except the commissioners, the governor, the attorney-general, and the secretary of state. This is in keeping with the short-ballot reform idea.

John R. Commons, of Wisconsin, would make each member of the legislative commission an administrative officer of some department of the State, much in the same way commissioners in commission-governed cities work.

Others have suggested that the reform should be carried as far even as having the governor elected by the commissioners from their own number, and having no other elective officers of the State aside from the commissioners. They would have the commissioners perform all the duties of the State, even to constituting the various boards, such as the board of agriculture, the board of prison control, the board of education, and so on. This would be a commission of wide responsibilities and enormous powers. But if large enough salaries were paid, and the qualifications for membership on the commission made high enough, men could be found equal to the task. Then, with the

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initiative and the referendum and the recall to fall back upon, the people would be insured justice and efficiency in government, neither of which they have to any degree at present.

The suggestions above given are matters of detail, and can be tested out by experience. It is fundamentals that we are mostly concerned with. The signal advantage of commission government for States would be that it would fix responsibility, lessen the cost of government, make it less complicated, less cumbersome, and at the same time make it more efficient, more simple, more representative of the will of the people, and more responsive to the demands of modern thought.

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THE FIRST STONE

JOSEPHINE M. BURNHAM

THE world is beginning to look with a new tenderness on those women whom we term "frail." The old way was a stolid acceptance of their existence, as an inevitable blemish of this disappointing world—acceptance rendered complacent by a sense of moral remoteness, yet tempered by half-confessed yielding to the fascination exerted by the woman of brilliant wickedness. Of late we have begun to ask concerning the wayward girl, even concerning the woman of the street, "How came she here? Who is to blame?" But as soon as our findings suggest palliation of the woman's offence, suggest lifting some of the blame to put it on other and presumably stronger shoulders, the folk-instinct, always most sensitive in matters pertaining to sexual and family relations, recoils. The folk-instinct, I said, and yet it is among the graver and more thoughtful part of the community—the part educated away from merely instinctive standards; that part which, as the old order changes, is the treasury of what is best in the old order—that the recoil is deepest and most sincere. The old folk-instinct that led us so long to pass by with averted gaze, speaks out now to rebuke the facile sentimentality of the new, half-formed folk-instinct, its apparent readiness to condone the unpardonable. A recent essay on this theme, by one of the most gifted of American women, only voices the disapproval I have heard expressed again and again by those who fear a relaxing of our hard-won standards, a relaxing of standards the most vital to social well-being. The position of these observers is a two-fold one. First, they say, it is an error to say that poverty is often a cause of prostitution, or is even so regarded by girls who go astray; second, even where poverty has led to crime, it is a fatal error to condone the sin in view of the temptation.

As I once heard a woman say—a woman of kindly nature—"If a girl has to choose between starvation and an evil life—let her starve." It is further pointed out that a girl's craving for pleasure may be her undoing, either because it leads her

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among doubtful companions, or because she deliberately gains through evil practices money to spend for finery or other dross. Censure and reprobation are meted out to the girl whose virtue is not proof against either physical hunger or hunger for pleasure, and to those good easy moralists whose impulse is not to blame but to protect. Above all, when it is proposed to pay a girl wages sufficient to buy daily bread and even a bit of fun, that she may not be tempted to get these things by dishonoring herself, we are told that to forestall temptation is to remove the very props and bulwarks of virtue, to relieve a woman of individual responsibility.

This criticism comes largely from the professional class *—the class which takes a more or less thoughtful interest in the general welfare, which largely recruits the ranks of social workers, and which feels itself able to pronounce an impartial and sympathetic judgment. For the professional class knows the pinch of deprivation, even of anxiety. The recent inflation of prices has cost it many a sleepless night. It longs for travel, leisure, better facilities for work, a chance to give the community the best of its powers. With tastes cultivated to capacity for the keenest and richest enjoyment, it often lacks means for all but the simpler gratifications of those tastes. So we of the professional class think ourselves peculiarly sympathetic, and peculiarly justified in our condemnation of the erring.

As a member of this class, I set myself the other day, not to judge conditions of wages and recreation for mill-girls and shop-girls, but to consider the background of my judgments on such questions. I take myself simply as a type of my class. I have a lively conception—like other professional workers—of the meaning of those grim metaphors, "the rainy day," and the "wolf at the door." I know weariness. I know monotony. I know, too, the intellectual and spiritual wolves that prowl around the doors of my class—the dangers of intellectual leanness, of pedantry, of stultification. But in common honesty I have to admit that this is not a quarter of the truth. If I should rebuke girls whom poverty, weariness, monotony seem to have dragged

* Not for a moment do I mean that there is any such consensus in this class. Its members hold the most diverse opinions.

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from virtuous ways, they might with perfect justice retort that, in their sense, I know nothing whatever of weariness, monotony, and poverty. I might point out the wisdom of fleeing temptation; I might recommend that city girls, instead of wasting their evenings in a restless search for distraction, read, go to an evening school, help their overburdened mothers, or repair their own clothing. But if I deal honestly with myself, I know that I am chiding others for seeking what, in large measure, I possess without seeking.

Who am I, as I go through my sedate and pleasant routine, to condemn a girl of twenty or less, with youth singing in her brain and tingling in her blood, if, like me, she longs for joys she cannot have? Who am I—at home, body and spirit, in the pleasant study where I spend my evenings and some of my days, with its restful mellow tones, with the unfailing friendship of its few cherished pictures—to reprove a girl lured into the streets by the intoxication of city lights, by the throbbing life of the city? I have seen the houses of some tenement-dwellers; I know a little of others I have not seen. If a girl is living (as girls do) one of a family of half a dozen crowded into two rooms, or sharing a dingy lodging-house room with one, two, or more girls, what refuge has she from fetid air indoors, the wailing of babies, the reek of steaming clothing, from the sight sometimes of ugly quarrels, except the street, the settlement *perhaps,* or the moving-picture shows and dance-halls? Where is a girl so housed to have privacy for reflection, for entertaining friends, even for quiet reading? She can, no doubt, find household tasks to do, or necessary mending for herself. In fact, she often does—sometimes, after a day spent on her feet, or at a heavy machine, sewing or washing and ironing till late at night. But some one else does my mending; my theory has been that when my professional stint is finished I have neither eyesight nor nervous force to spare for sewing. There are other things for which the factory-girl or the salesgirl might, if she knew the way of contentment, envy me. I breathe pure air, compared with the air of factories and tenement districts. The only noises to afflict me are the railroad shrieks and belchings a few blocks away. I can test the sanity of my impulses by the unfailing

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touchstone of a walk in wind or sunshine. The whole pageant of the year is mine. As I look up from my writing, it is to see how the autumn has curtained us about with the rich hues of old tapestry—green and russet and faded gold. As I walk wearily home at the end of a weary day, in the mysterious half-dusk maple and oak and birch seem to wrap me in heatless flames, and I catch glimpses of a beauty not of this earth. Furthermore, despite the tribute levied by butcher, baker, dentist, and oculist, I have never actually gone hungry. If a girl without a quarter my resources, caught up in the fever of city life; perhaps ill-nourished through poverty or ignorance, or both, and with will-power correspondingly impaired; perhaps set to earn her living at the making or selling of rich stuffs she can never possess—if she strays into forbidden paths, who am I to cast the first stone?

Thus have I tried to project the background of the judgments pronounced by my own social group; and in the very effort I have found those judgments convicted of shallowness. To go back to the charge that not her poverty, but want of character leads a poor girl to wrong-doing. No one denies now that the wage of some girls is insufficient for their livelihood. The contention is rather that a girl of genuine character will, if unable to better her wage, quietly deny herself recreation, personal adornment, even necessary rest, warm clothing, or nourishing food, sooner than yield her self-respect. God knows how many brave young women are holding themselves to this standard. But let us examine this demand for "character" on the part of society. It means that a self-supporting girl whose wage is, say, eight dollars a week, and who lives in a city in which the minimum cost of healthful living is eight dollars a week, must either go without all money-bought pleasure (including the supreme pleasure of occasional giving to others) or must somewhere sacrifice healthful clothing or dwelling, or else wholesome food. It means that the girl who earns six dollars where the cost of suitable living is eight dollars must forgo *both* pleasure and healthful living. The first girl's "character" is to stand to her in place of all indulgence. The second girl's "character" is to stand to her in place of the two dollars more a week that she

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requires to remain a healthy human being. As for the "rainy day," it will very likely be a case of tuberculosis, traceable to a meagre diet; and then, perhaps, one of the free sanitariums will care for her. Clearly, one strong element in character under normal conditions, providence regarding the future, is precluded from such a girl's life. With this exception, however, there are girls who maintain the heroic standard of virtue we demand of them. Now, if a girl so circumstanced surrenders, by what right do we say that her poverty was not a cause? It is her poverty that has said to her, "If you wish trinkets (or food for yourself and your ailing sister) this is the price." A terrible price to pay. But those in the class who censure *never have to consider this price.* It is not their superior rectitude that elevates them above the very thought of such choices, but their superior hold on wealth. This superior hold on wealth we of the professional class have, not only through our higher earning power, but also through our acquaintance with the most various channels of information about work to be had, and sometimes through an acquaintance with those able and willing to lend money to a friend in straits.

To separate those whose downfall is due to poverty from those whose downfall is due to lack of stamina is not so easy as it seems. The Salvation Army has long recognized that below a certain physical level moral and religious appeals are well-nigh futile. A girl may herself believe that poverty has nothing to do with her plight, and yet may be mistaken. She may have been so reared in "the warrens of the poor" that she has simply never known the privacy and reserve which we think essential to decent living. She may be an incompetent workwoman, not because of native indolence or dulness, but because of premature and misfit entrance into some trade for which she had no capacity. (Let us test the situation by ourselves once more. Many a successful teacher or writer, had she been taken from school at fourteen, apprenticed to a dressmaker, and left to survive or perish, must have starved long ago.) A girl may be half-hysterical from the strain of "speeding up." Her resolves may be written in water; and she herself may not know—being

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ignorant of both mental and physical hygiene—that it is because her body is underfed.

Let the cause be want, let it be proneness to self-indulgence, is the woman who sells herself the only one to barter her soul for a mess of pottage? In the literal sense, members of the middle class never, as I have said, have to consider the last desperate choice. In principle, however, they meet the same temptation. There are times for almost every one in the professional-salaried class when to speak out boldly against abuses that should be spoken against, to refuse compromise on some matter of principle, is to invite disaster. The journalist, for example, or the teacher, who refuses to surrender himself, may meet the fate of the flower of the field; the wind passeth over it and it is gone, and the place thereof shall know it no more. He may submit, because he and his "must live." Others, ministers, cartoonists, government employees, submit because their families must live. "Sir," said Dr. Johnson, "I do not see the necessity." But most of us do see the necessity, if not for ourselves, at least for our families. And seeing it, we can hardly pick up stones to throw at those whom the same temptation, in a more overwhelming form, has shipwrecked.

These, perhaps, are subtle points of conscience. There is a prostitution of the intellect more blatant and indubitable. No other word names rightly the production of cheap humor, cheap sentiment, cheap vulgarity, cheap moral advice, cheap yellow news, cheap contradictions of yesterday's news, cheap plots, cheap treatment of high and sacred themes, by which, through novel and newspaper, men clever enough for better things coin their cleverness into money. Indeed, I am ashamed of the distinction I have been harping upon, of "our class" and "their class." There are prostitutes in both classes. What marks the professional class is not a nature of finer grain, but the habit of criticism (an excellent quality if rightly directed) and infinite good fortune in its opportunities for education and work.

There is another group who obviously have no stones to cast. If a girl who drifts into prostitution has let go her moral rudder, what of the men whose pleasure she serves? The girl *may* have something to gain, or may think she has, in money to spend for

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her own pleasure, or, indeed, for her widowed mother, who may be a sorrowful fact, and not a sentimental hypothesis. Meanwhile, the man—each of the many men concerned with one such woman—is serving no end but his own ends of the moment. He has reached that depth of self-indulgence, in which he voluntarily makes of a fellow human being not what Kant said and what we all know he ought to be, an end in himself, but a means to the ends of another. If all women took the desperate measures of Lucretia, or if all women, like Isabella, would be whipped to death before purchasing with their own shame advantage either for themselves or others, we should, no doubt, be living in a purer and wiser world. But to demand in women the virtue of Lucretia and of Isabella is just only if we demand of men a like spiritual victory.

To brace the moral fibre, to harden spiritual nerve, is well. Then, if discipline, hardship, even privation, are such priceless medicaments, why not pass them all around? If they minister to sturdy character, who needs them so much as the very rich? For this reason, it may be, the rich young man whom Jesus loved was bidden to sell what he had and give to the poor. At any rate, for the wealthy employer of labor, the way of self-conquest and of Spartan upbringing for his children is open. Think of the moral bracing to be achieved through a matter-of-fact announcement in the family circle, "No, we shall not build the new house this year; for father is going to pay every girl in the factory enough so that she can have one room to herself." The smaller capitalist has a pretty hard time in these days, and his family is not always free from anxiety. But the way of self-denial is not altogether closed to him. One might try this plan: "We have decided, John and Mary, to send you to the city high school instead of to Saint Peter's and Saint Clara's. I am going to pay my workmen more, enough more so that every one may keep his children in school, if he will, at least until they complete the grammar grades." Wherever the profits of the employer and the wages of the employed are convertible one into the other, the same way is open. Of course no one is going to take that way, unless it be a new Saint Francis. Yet until we elect such discipline for ourselves, it is with a sorry grace that

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we enjoin austerity on half-taught, sometimes half-fed working girls.

No doubt this is all quixotic dreaming—moonshine. But let me stay a moment longer in Utopia. Ruling out for the present the feeble-minded, who constitute a special dependent group, the vicious by nature, and those who are deceived and entrapped, there remain the girls who do have to choose between degradation and want, or the next thing to want. As for the incompetent among them who are yet teachable, the only economical policy is to train them to be competent. As for girls (or their fathers and brothers) who are fairly competent and yet are in straits,—when it is proposed to pay them enough to maintain a comfortable standard of living, the crushing answer is always ready: employees are worth just what they are getting, no more. But suppose we reckoned the worth of laborers not by the profits of their employer, the outward and visible sign of which is to be luxurious living, but by the social sum of health, education, culture, good will?

Coming back from Utopia to the world we know, and granting that a girl should choose hunger and virtue instead of dishonor,—what sort of Christian civilization is this that forces her to such a choice? Though martyrdom be glorious, to drive anyone to the choice between capitulation and martyrdom is deemed to-day the act of a barbarous age. So the world has inclined to censure, not Galileo, who prostituted his soul, if you will, by denying what he knew was true, but the Inquisition, which thrust the dilemma upon him. Is it not a very shabby, down-at-the-heels, thriftless, shiftless civilization that exposes some of the younger and weaker members of society to a choice of perditions? Through conditions of work and wages, through lack of right play, through squalid surroundings, the temptation arises. In making or allowing such conditions, society has made the temptation. One would like to hear this civilization appraised by the Man who gave as his judgment, "He that is without sin among you, let him first cast a stone."

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GREATER THAN DANTE

WILLIAM SAMUEL JOHNSON

THERE was a knock at my studio door; and I shouted an oblivious "*Avanti!*"

For my soul had escaped from New York for some ecstatic moments,—escaped into the painty background of my "*Anima d'Italia*" where it basked in the caress of the Tuscan sun and the glow of Tuscan color. Ah! the slopes of the grey-green olive, the ilex and the vine!

No one entered——

Then Miss Winthrop, kneeling in factitious prayer on the model-throne, spoke a characteristic word. Miss Winthrop is a refugee from Boston.

"Perhaps, sir," she hinted, "if you should popularize your invitation"—And the voice of New York, entering the window with clangings and ringings and honkings unspeakable, seemed to complete her suggestion.

Disentangling my soul from its blessed dream, I roared an impatient "Come in!"

This time the permission sufficed and James Bliss entered.

"Why, Jimmy, old man," I cried, "I haven't seen you for an æon!"

Jimmy made no immediate reply. He placed a straw hat, girt by a fiery ribbon, on my bust of Dante, acknowledged the presence of Miss Winthrop by a vague salute and sat down.

"A cigar?" I asked, "the brand I keep for long lost friends?"

He accepted wordlessly, clipped and lighted it with barbaric engines of chased gold, put his thumbs in the pocket of a crocus waistcoat and stared at me like an owlet.

"Whisky?" I hinted, "the brand I keep for those possessed of a dumb devil?"

"Not on your life!" he cried, waving hands of glittering negation (Jimmy's rings and waistcoats are the despair of the many that love him). "I'm on the water-wagon for keeps."

"Since when, Jimmy?"

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"Since what I've come to tell you about."

Knowing the tortuous ways of James Bliss, I began to clean my brushes.

"Say!" he observed at last.

I assured him of my close attention.

"I want to talk to some chap that's way up on art and literature."

"I am committed," I answered, "to those pursuits. Several dealers of repute have bought my pictures. Several publishers of sound mind have printed my books. Dealers and publishers alike have found their profit in me."

"I'm no book reader," remarked Jimmy, "but I like your pictures. In fact"—he hesitated a moment—"I bought one of them—I didn't tell you before—from a dealer—a dirty old Italian washerwoman."

"My *Lavandaia toscana.*"

"Likely," said Jimmy with a grin. "I—well—I used her in the South."

"James Bliss!" I cried, "did you make use of that little masterpiece to advertise your infernal soap?"

"Only in the South, Billy," he answered unabashed; "and it wasn't exactly *little* as I used it. Bully reproduction it made by the three-color process, with my trade motto printed in yellow on the purple hills behind the washerwoman."

"O the bliss of Bliss soap," I groaned.

"O the bliss of Bliss soap," he echoed, in the tone of a devotee responding to the Litany. "I've built up the business on that motto."

"And none can escape your bliss. You have pointed the immaculate way to universal salvation."

"Escape? I should hope not! Let me see,"—he ran to the window, twenty stories above the street, and began to count on his jewelled fingers— "Six! in full sight, right against the sky, yellow letters (soap color, you know) on a purple ground, O the bliss of Bliss soap. Escape? you'd have to get off the earth for that!"

I assented and Jimmy came back to his chair.

"But," he said, when he was comfortable again, "this isn't

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what I came to tell you—I want you to put me wise—it's the queerest thing that ever happened to any man—maybe it was just whisky—maybe not—I don't know—and I don't know how to tell it—where to begin."

"Miss Winthrop," said I, "we will stop the sitting and you may copy those marked passages in Dante."

Miss Winthrop understood. Miss Winthrop always understands everything. The phrase meant that she should take down the golden words that fell from Jimmy's lips. One gets life in that way, life sharp from the mint, bright with modernity. Miss Winthrop is an expert stenographer.

"Jimmy," I said, "my real business is literature. I paint advertisements for soap as a *passatempo,* a pastime. Tell your tale! and if it is vendible I shall get jolly well even with you for your treatment of my *Lavandaia toscana.*"

Jimmy stammered, waved coruscating fingers and began.

"You see, I wanted them to let me scrub old What's-his-name's tower in Florence with Bliss soap, and——"

"Wait, Jimmy! Let us show some regard for literary form. When did the thing happen that you are trying to tell me?"

"Three weeks ago last Sunday and I haven't told a soul. That old tower in Florence needs a scrubbing——"

"Are you the principal actor in your story?"

"No; I guess I was acted on."

"Who or what ventured to act on the Bliss of Bliss soap?"

"Tod Livvins."

"Is Tod Livvins the principal actor?"

"He acted on *me.*"

Something in Jimmy's voice bade me wait.

"But what acted on Tod Livvins?" he said at last.

"What acted on him?" I asked.

"You may search me!" he answered moodily and was silent.

"Jimmy," I observed at the end of several minutes, "my knowledge of literary form suggests that you might describe Tod Livvins, giving a brief and realistic account of his birth, parentage, personal appearance and history."

"Tod," said Jimmy, brightening up a little, "was born in Chicago. He's about forty-five. His father was an artist, a

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sculptor,—carved on grave-stones,—cherubs and skulls and things. He taught Tod the business, but Tod had no use for it. Tod is a husky chap, six foot, a hundred and eighty stripped. He went into the ring—but he had an accident."

"What sort of an accident?" I asked.

"Landed a hook on a chap's jaw and he croaked. That was in a scrap though, not in the ring——"

"Do you mean that he killed an antagonist in a brawl by a single blow?"

"Yes—and he had to beat it. Went West. Made his little pile— Then there was another accident."

"Describe the accident. You are doing very well."

"Why, he shot Blood Hapworthy for cheating at cards and he had to beat it again."

"Whither?"

"Europe. But, though you'd never think it to look at him, his nerve was all gone. I don't mean he could be scared. I mean his nerves were rotten."

"Neurosis," I suggested.

"Likely," conceded Jimmy. "And then he'd been steaming it for years. He was just on the ragged edge of the jim-jams when he struck Europe. It was then I met him, at the Grand Hotel, in Paris."

"Had you met him before?"

"Never; but I took right to him. I liked him. There's something about him you can't help liking. He's a big, brown, hairy, husky ruffian; but somehow"—tears came into the eyes of that sweet-hearted Jimmy Bliss— "Hang it, Billy, I can't put the words together—but don't you know—there's men like that—and under all the scaley things they do, you sort of feel there's an innocent kid"—Jimmy's voice was tremulous—"just as clean and white as when he was born, hidden away in their rotten old carcasses. That's how I felt about Tod."

Dear little Jimmy! I knew how he felt about Tod or any other poor devil that needed his human sympathy.

"Say, Billy," he continued, wiping his eyes, "Tod was a tough, a gambler, had killed two men; but——"

"But——"

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"But he seemed to me to be just about what old Adam must have been before the serpent gave Eve that tip about the apple."

I saw Miss Winthrop drying her eyes stealthily. Generous souls are often affected thus by the primitive emotions of James Bliss, the soapman.

"And besides," I said, "Tod Livvins needed help."

"And besides," he repeated, quite simply, "Tod Livvins needed help. Well, I hunted up a doctor, a big bug in Paris, and between us we got Tod into a sanatorium. That was in November last year. I got Tod in, told him to be good, and I would gather him in in the spring. A God-forsaken place in Switzerland it was and I can't pronounce it. Then I came home for a while——"

"For the bliss of Bliss soap," said I.

"Just so," said Jimmy, "and you'd find it the best thing for those brushes of yours. *And* I had a big idea—at the club it was—some magazine lay open and there was that old tower in Florence."

"Giotto's tower," I remarked.

"Yes," said Jimmy. "Well, I asked a fellow about it and he said it was one of the wonders of the world, and that everybody knew it and loved it. He fairly drivelled over that tower. So I decided to scrub it. Scaffolds, you know, with Bliss *sapone* in big yellow letters."

"I can imagine," I said shuddering.

"*Sapone* is the Dago for soap," he volunteered.

"Ah," I said, "and is there no Italian for Bliss?"

"That's the trouble with these foreign gibberishes. No one can turn *O the bliss of Bliss soap!* into Dago or Parley-voo or Dutch and make it sound funny at all. O the bliss of Bliss soap! —now that's mighty funny in English."

"Highly humorous," I granted. Miss Winthrop's shoulders were shaking.

"Foreigners haven't any sense of humor," added Jimmy.

"None whatever," I admitted; "but tell me more about Tod Livvins. Was he cured?"

"He was."

"How?"

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"Why they put him through a course of sprouts. He told me all about it. They hypnotized him. Made him look at a whirligig that glittered."

Jimmy illustrated most adequately with his hands in the sunlight.

"And once he was hypnotized they sat down and talked to him like a Dutch uncle. Told him what a high brow he was, all chuck full of noble what's-his-names. And how he hated liquor and cards and murder (Tod had told them the whole story, you see) and how he loved religion and art (Tod Livvins loving art!) and books and culture and all that."

"Did Tod believe it?"

"Not at first; but the more they hypnotized him the more he believed it. And he got so sensitive at last that if old Doc Schultz just frowned at him, or he saw a bright flash of light, why off he went into a sort of waking trance."

"Into a state of transcendental exaltation," I suggested.

"Likely," said Jimmy; "anyway, into something darned different from the old Tod. Think of it!"—and Jimmy exploded into his bubbling laugh—"they found out that he could sculp when he was a boy; and they jollied him into working at a stone-yard near by. It was there I found him, in among the gravestones, dressed in a long white blouse, chipping away for dear life at the classiest little angel you ever saw. I bought it, unbeknown to Tod and had it shipped home. I might"—Jimmy gazed up at my Dante, leering under the flagrant hat—"I might give it to you to match His Nibs up there."

"You are straying from your story," said I hastily. "Tell me what happened next."

"Why, Doc Schultz said that Tod was all right, and I took him down to Florence."

"Florence!" I repeated, shutting my eyes; and the sweet old vision rose—Brunelleschi's magic dome, the shaft of shining pearl beside it, and the red tiles and tawny towers of the *quattrocento* against the long, living, olive slope that climbs to Fiesole.

Jimmy chased the vision away.

"Yes, Florence!" said he; "I got there on a Saturday, went straight to Cook's, hired an interpreter, and went with him be-

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fore the Board of Aldermen in a building like a storage warehouse."

"The Palazzo Vecchio," I commented. "But did you *really* appear before the municipal council of Florence and through an interpreter from Cook's ask permission to scrub Giotto's tower with Bliss soap?"

"Sure!" cried Jimmy, "why not? I filed a long petition in Dago I'd brought over, all red seals and American angels, and I made 'em a straight business proposition."

"What did they say?" I asked in awestruck tones.

"I don't rightly know," he answered. "Some of 'em jibbered and jabbered and waved their hands. Some laughed. But all Mr. Interpreter would tell me was 'No! No! They say no!'"

I sank back in my chair. Miss Winthrop's shoulders were shaking again.

"Jimmy," I said at last, "I thought that Tod Livvins and not Bliss *sapone* was the theme of your story."

"I'm coming to Tod. You see, Billy, all that I've told you has really nothing to do with what happened afterwards."

"I understand, Jimmy. You have thus far been creating an artistic atmosphere, giving deft touches of local color, and so on."

"Likely," said that dear fellow; "anyway, the real story begins now.—Next day was Sunday, and Tod and I went out to do the town. Well, we found a corking old bridge, all covered with little shops except near the middle."

"The Ponte Vecchio."

"Yes— Well, Tod and I went to the centre of the bridge and stood there looking at the view. It was Some View!"

"Why," said I, surprised at this unwonted note of admiration, "I did not know that you cared for landscape."

"Didn't use to," he conceded; "but ever since I hit on *O the bliss of Bliss soap!* I've become darned observant. I study every hill and every house and try to think how they'd look with my motto on 'em— Colors too—I notice colors because I know just what colors make my motto stand out and sparkle."

"Yes," said I, "all the world knows that you are a past-master of that art."

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Jimmy glowed at this appreciation.

"So I stood rubbering at the hills above Florence and thinking how a sign about three hundred foot long and fifty high with Bliss *sapone* on it would improve the landscape, when Tod called me over to the other side of the bridge.

"'Look at this bust,' says Tod.—Maybe you've seen the bust?"

"Yes," I answered, "it is a likeness in bronze of Benvenuto Cellini."

"Yes; that sounds like it. Tod read out the name on the base and wondered whether he was a soldier or a boss politician. Tod had been noticing statues since he worked in that stone-yard."

"His dormant faculties had been awakened."

"Likely; but who was that chap?" asked Jimmy, with an interest that surprised me.

"A skilful goldsmith, who became a great sculptor. He was born in Florence— Miss Winthrop, when was Cellini born?"

Miss Winthrop is encyclopædic.

"In 1500, sir."

"Thank you. He was born eight years after the discovery of America. He lived a violent, swaggering, murderous, boastful life and left some exquisite masterpieces of metalwork.—An antithesis, that Cellini! He loved his craft and hated his fellow craftsmen. He was superstitiously religious and superlatively immoral, a very great artist and a very truculent blackguard. He wrote his own life, an egregious record, wherein he catalogues his extraordinary prayers, his foul assassinations, his jeers at other artists, his familiar talks with the great men of his time, and his unbounded admiration for his own genius. I'll lend you a translation of the book, if you like."

"No thanks," said Jimmy; "I'm no book-reader. Well, Tod and I looked at that statue. It's a big thing, you know; and he has a fierce sort of face, that fellow; and his forehead is wrinkled up—wrinkled *up,* you know, not *down*——"

"I know, Jimmy."

"——as if he was trying to think something out. And his eyes were staring over us at the hills, staring as if they didn't see them."

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"Artistic introspection."

"Likely. Well, there we stood studying that bust, when Tod said in a sort of husky whisper, 'Jimmy, that's just the way old Doc Schultz used to glare at me.' And with that he gave a kind of snoring grunt—a horrid sound it was—and wobbled about and then straightened up like a soldier on parade."

"Auto-hypnosis," I diagnosed.

"Likely," said Jimmy; "but whatever it was it scared *me* all right. And then a look came into his face like—like he had won a big battle and heard his soldiers yelling—a look—I can't describe that look."

"You describe it perfectly, old man. What happened then?"

"Why, he grabbed my arm with his left hand. Gee!"—and Jimmy rubbed his right biceps sympathizingly—"and then he just said 'Come!' like he was speaking to a dog."

"Did you go?"

"You bet I went," answered Jimmy emphatically; "had to; for each time I balked or tried to steer him towards our hotel, he just tightened that big left hand of his. Gee; Billy! I went all right."

Jimmy caressed his arm again.

"Whither?"

"He led me back to the storage warehouse where I braced the aldermen. There he stopped. Well, Billy, there's a marble statue on the right-hand side of the front door of that old warehouse. Tod planted himself in front of that statue and began to laugh. Just rolled and shook and doubled up and stamped his feet. It wasn't a nice laugh; it was vicious, that's what it was, vicious and cruel. And as he kept his grip on my arm, I had to roll and shake and double up too."

Poor little Jimmy in his crocus waistcoat! I could see it all.

"He finished his laugh at last and then what do you think he said?"

"What did he say?"

"'Bandy old Nelly,' says Tod, 'Bandy old Nelly.' Now what did he mean by that? The statue's legs aren't bandy. They're as straight as mine."

Jimmy projected a chubby, illustrative leg, where shouting

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checks tapered into violet hose and a shoe that glowed like a topaz.

"Perfect!" I said, in appreciation of Jimmy's standard of comparison.

"And," he went on, "you know that statue's name couldn't possibly be Nelly."

"True," I assented, "because it's a man, or rather two men. It is Hercules and Cacus. But, Jimmy, are you sure that Tod said 'Bandy old Nelly' and not 'Old bandy Nelly'?"

"Maybe he did; it's all the same."

"Not quite, for that statue was made by one Bandinelli, a very famous sculptor."

"Gee!" exclaimed Jimmy.

"The said Bandinelli's works were once highly admired, even by Michael Angelo himself; but it is now the artistic fashion to ridicule them."

"Michael Angelo," said Jimmy, "I've heard that name."

"I dare say. But the question is how Tod Livvins had heard the name of Bandinelli and knew enough to laugh at his statue."

I saw Miss Winthrop nod sharply; and Jimmy looked at me with a dazed face, his forehead (to quote his words) "wrinkled up, not down."

"Insolvable," I decided after a pause; "so go on, Jimmy."

"When he turned to go," he continued, "I thought I'd humor him; so I pointed with my free hand at a big bronze statue near by and said 'Let's look at that, Tod; it's a real corker.' He just glared right ahead and says growling, 'Not yet, fool; not yet.' And he walked on."

"And you with him?"

Jimmy nodded, touched his arm significantly and proceeded.

"Tod walked along in front of the warehouse till he came to a big fountain, all statues and bronze horses and squirts. There he stops, looks up at the biggest statue and says in a sort of religious voice (Tod's father was an old-fashioned shouting Methodist) very loud and deep, 'O ill-fated stone,' says Tod, 'hard indeed was thy lot in falling into the hands of bandy Nelly!

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but it is a hundred times worse now that thou art in those of'——and Tod mentioned a name like 'tomato.'"

"Ammanato?" I managed to gasp.

"Yes," said Jimmy, "that sounds like it."

"My God!" but this was only breathed deep in my own quivering soul.

I heard Miss Winthrop utter a faint exclamation and steadied my voice enough to ask,

"Anything difficult, Miss Winthrop?"

"I was rather frightened—I mean puzzled—by a line in Dante—these mysteries after death, you know——"

"Yes, indeed I know, Miss Winthrop," I assented, and then added in a tremulous whisper to that wonderful Jimmy, "She is very highly sensitive to literary emotions."

For Jimmy, I rapidly decided, must tell his tale unenlightened.

He nodded knowingly and glanced sympathetically at Miss Winthrop's back as if he too were subject to similar perturbations.

That young lady then did one of her opportune things. She rose quietly, went to the bookcase, selected a volume, fluttered its pages, and in half a minute handed it to me open at the right place. It was the *Vita di Benvenuto Cellini,* that preposterous record of base passions and elegant (if one may still use that good word) art.

Then Jimmy, who had been silent during this interlude, had an idea.

"How did you know that Tod said that name?" he asked.

"I guessed it, because a sculptor named Ammanato made that statue. Go on, old man!"

"After this, Tod walked along the side of the warehouse. Then I balked, for our hotel lay in the other direction. 'Tod,' I says, 'you've mistaken the way.' He got purple in the face"—Jimmy fondled a reminiscent arm—"and said—what do you suppose he said next?"

"Tell me, Jimmy."

"He called me a fool again and said he could do nothing contrary to his own will. Then he talked a lot of tommyrot about the Pope, praising him up to the skies—and him a Metho-

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dist! And he gave me a long song and dance about all the things he'd made for dukes and kings, standing there in the shadow of the warehouse. And he ended like this, 'Fool,' says he, 'such men as I are worthy of speaking to popes, emperors and mighty monarchs; there is perhaps but one such as I in the world, whereas there are dozens such as you, fool, to be met with in every corner.' What do you make out of that?"

"How very rhetorically he talked!"

"That's the queerest part of it," said Jimmy, "the way he talked,—all stiff newspaper sort of stuff, like a sermon or the Declaration of Independence. Generally Tod Livvins talks plain, ordinary United States like me and you."

Miss Winthrop's shoulders, I observed with annoyance, shook for some minutes after Jimmy's comparison.

"Proceed!" I said hastily.

"Well, he got through jawing at last and we moved on. There's a big church back from the warehouse and there we came out into the sunlight in a sort of square. Tod stopped short.

"'Behold it,' says Tod, pointing at his shadow.

"'Yes, Tod,' says I, scared half to death, 'that's only your shadow.'

"'Fool,' says Tod—he hadn't any other name for me—'Fool,' says he, 'behold the resplendent, shining light over that shadow's head.'

"There wasn't any light there, of course," explained Jimmy, "but I told Tod that I saw a light of about sixty candle power."

"'It shines brighter in Paris,' says Tod. 'God gave me that light after my heavenly vision in the Roman prison. O the wondrous ways of His providence toward me!' What do you think of that?"

"I am amazed and rather frightened," I said quite truthfully, glancing at a certain famous passage in the *Life of Benvenuto*.

"You've nothing to be frightened at," observed Jimmy; "but I was scared all right."

"Why didn't you call a policeman?" I asked, for the sake of saying something.

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"*A* policeman!" he repeated scornfully, "Tod Livvins would have mopped the street with any ten of them. A policeman!—No; I thought it best to just jolly him along."

"Where did you jolly him along to next?"

"He led me to another storage warehouse right near——"

"The Bargello."

"Likely—and he rushed me through the door and across a court, all pillars and statues, and up stairs; and he turned here and there, banging me against carvings and armor and all kinds of truck, and stopped at last before a little greenish statue in a glass case.

"'Behold it!' says Tod.

"'Yes,' says I, thinking to please him, 'I see a shining light over its head.'

"'Fool,' says he, 'that is the wax model for my famous purses.'"

"Did not he say 'Perseus,' Jimmy?" I asked in a voice that sounded strange to myself; "I know that wax model."

"Maybe he did. He seemed awfully stuck on it, anyway. Then he went to another case.

"'Behold it! The bronze model for my famous Perseus,' says he."

My mind was reeling as the unconscious Jimmy heaped proof on proof; and I glanced anxiously at Miss Winthrop.

"Excuse me, Jimmy," I interrupted.

Miss Winthrop had her left hand on her heart; and she must not break down now. With my back turned to Jimmy I poured a liqueur glass of Benedictine and placed it on her desk. The potent cordial, she told me afterwards, saved the rest of the story. God bless the monastic orders!

"What next, old man?"

"Well, Tod hurried me down stairs again to a smallish room full of statues. And there he did the queerest thing of all. I told you he was a shouting Methodist, as a kid. Well, there's a picture there in stone of the Virgin Mary——"

"There is indeed!" said I.

"Well, Tod, he went up to that picture and he began to cry, sobbed and sobbed like a great baby.

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"'O the divine Michael Angelo!' says Tod. 'O the divine Michael Angelo!'

"That's how I heard his name," added Jimmy, drying his eyes again.

"Yes," I succeeded in saying, "that relief is by him."

"Well," continued Jimmy, "when Tod had done crying he let go my arm. And he crossed himself like a Catholic and knelt on the floor and prayed. Prayed and prayed and crossed himself. What do you make of that?"

I shrugged my shoulders. I was speechless.

"Nor I," said Jimmy. "Then he grabbed my arm again and dashed off like mad. Sprinted out of the door, down the street and back to that fountain. There I just dropped, what with scare and want of breath and a stitch in my side. Tod lifted me with his left hand like that"—Jimmy illustrated with an empty tumbler that stood on the stable by him—"and set me on my pins.

"'Fool,' says he, as usual, 'unless you do my bidding I shall kill you; shoot you as I shot the post-master; stab you as I stabbed the slayer of my brother and that vile creature——' and Tod mentioned a name that I've forgotten."

Had it been the right moment I could have prompted Jimmy.

"Tod never had a brother," added Jimmy; "and why didn't he mention Blood Hapworthy?"

I could only shake my head.

"Nor I," said he. "And all the time Tod was speaking his right hand was fiddling about the front of his vest, first on one side, then on the other, like he was feeling for something."

"Did Tod carry a pistol?"

"Always; but he didn't reach for that. What was he after?"

I knew, but it was better that Jimmy should not. Benvenuto's sword and dagger flash through his whole biography.

So I simply pursed my lips.

"Nor I," assented Jimmy. "Well, the square had little knots of people all about, like they were gossiping, and so Tod spoke kind of low while we were there. He dragged me over to the big bronze statue I'd noticed before."

"His Perseus!—I mean the Perseus, Jimmy."

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"Yes; and he waved his hand toward it like a stump speaker and said very solemn 'Behold it, my Perseus!'—and then he began to talk like a steam engine, but very low and all of a quiver. He told me how he made that little wax model and how he cast the naked lady that Perseus has his foot on——"

"The Medusa."

"And how he made his mould and furnace for the Perseus and built a big fire. And how he stoked that fire till he got a raging fever and went to bed yelling that he was dying. And how he heard that things were going wrong and jumped out of bed and kicked everyone in sight, women and all. Now, Tod wouldn't do a thing like that."

"No?"

"Not on your life! And how he stoked again, mad with fever, and stoked and stoked, and melted his bronze and all his kitchen dishes. Crazy as a loon, wasn't he?"

I was non-committal. It is an epic picture, that red casting of the Perseus!

"And how at last the statue came out of the mould and how the duke and all Florence went wild over it, and made corking poems about it in Latin and Greek. And then Tod, sobbing again, said a prayer before it and sang a devil of a long hymn, but all low and gentle. Poor old Tod!"

"Poor old Tod!" I agreed. There may have been tears in my eyes too. Jimmy's were overflowing.

"Then he stopped singing," he went on, "and crossed over to that Bandy Nelly fellow. He acted like he had saved him for the last. Funny? you just ought to have heard Tod on that statue! He said——"

"Wait, Jimmy; I infer from what you just said that your story is nearly told."

"Very nearly."

On hearing this I decided to give Jimmy a hint. His emotions should be led from light to light into the glare of revelation. Also, I got the whisky.

"Jimmy," I said, "I wager I can tell you just what Tod said about that statue."

Jimmy's brow expressed a climax of groping wonder.

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I opened my Cellini and translated thus:

"The ingenious school of Florence declares what follows: if the hair of the Hercules were shaved off there would not remain skull enough to hold his brains. With regard to his face, it is hard——"

"Hold on!" cried Jimmy; "I'm scared. What are you reading?"

"The Life of Benvenuto Cellini."

"Gee!"

"The sculptor that made the Perseus."

"Lord!"

"Let me read you some more. For instance: 'The small of Hercules' back has the appearance of a bag filled with long cucumbers.'"

"Tod said that too," faltered Jimmy.

Indeed he looked so perturbed that I feared for the end of the story. So I said carelessly,

"But perhaps it all explains itself. Proceed!"

"There's not much more. When Tod got through guying the statue, he went back to the Perseus——"

"What then?"

"You say that Cellini made that thing?"

"Yes; but fire away!"

"And the little green wax thing?"

"Even so!—but end your story, old fellow—Tod went back to the Perseus?"

"Yes; and he began to sing that solemn hymn again. And then, still singing, he led me back the way we came to the old bridge."

"Still gripping you?"

"Yes; but not nearly so hard.—And we got back to the bronze bust— Gee, Billy!—Cellini too!——"

"Finish, Jimmy, finish!"

"And Tod looked up at it with a sort of baby smile——"

"What then?" For Jimmy was battling with whirling thoughts.

"Why he just let go my arm and said quite natural, 'Damned

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fine old face that. I wonder who the hell he was.'—That's all. For God's sake, what does it mean?"

Miss Winthrop, without awaiting my judgment, rose nervously and put on her hat. She hurt herself twice with her hatpins in the process.

"Is the Dante copied, Miss Winthrop?"

"Yes, sir; and I want my tea." And Miss Winthrop, very gently, as one who leaves a church, closed the door.

"For God's sake, Billy——"

I held up a temporizing hand (alas! that I must needs speak at all) while Jimmy, his round face twitching a little, watched me anxiously. . . .

"You have heard," I said at last, "of a haunted house, an old empty house, a husk or shell of life, where wicked things were done and the dead moved or seemed to move, shadow-like?"

Jimmy looked at me wildly; and I saw that the truth (was it indeed the truth?) was growing in his mind. His face flushed, the sweat beaded on his brow, and he wiped it off with a quivering hand. Then he grew very white and I deemed it time to relax the tension on us both.

"Jimmy," I said, and my voice despite me shook and broke, "my dear old friend, you need that whisky now,—the brand I keep for him who, greater than Dante, has walked and talked with the mighty dead, and has come back,—has come back to tell the tale. Don't you think so?"

"Likely," said Jimmy, sobbing.

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A STREET CRY

ARTHUR KETCHUM

O NOW the heavenly daffodils
Their yellow lamps have lit;
And vendors take the golden spoil,
The streets are bright with it:
And baskets brimmed as they can hold
Are precious with the April gold.

Here's daffodils! I hear them cry
Along the noisy way;
There's winter in the air and sky,
The city streets are grey;
But like a hope and prophecy,
The yellow flowers flame for me.

Here's daffodils! O, somewhere now
The earliest dreams awake;
Dim stirrings vex the sleeping bough
For unborn April's sake;
And gardens patient in the snow
The thrill of tender promise know.

And weary folk that waited long
Look up and hope again.
In the dumb spaces like a song
The old cry echoes plain;
New wine the empty chalice fills,
And for a sign—here's daffodils!

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THE APPLES OF HESPERIDES, KANSAS

JOHN OSKISON

A COOL, racing wind brought to their ears the sound of the locomotive's whistle. It came to them across ten miles of level prairie, a thin, faint blast. It was the supper call to the graders and track-layers who were pushing the newest railroad across the short grass country of southwestern Kansas. Darkness was closing down over the wide plain.

Mrs. Marvin met her son at the gate of the feed-lot, held it open as he rode in, and followed him to the door of the tiny stable. Dick dismounted, hauled the saddle from his horse, rubbed the sweat marks from its back, and turned it loose to roll luxuriously in the dust.

"Well, mother," the young man smiled and put his arm across her shoulders, "I found out there's plenty of water left for the cattle in Plum Creek. There's one hole I don't think'll ever go dry."

"Whereabouts is it, Dick?"

"Just where the railroad's going to cross—I reckon maybe they're aiming to put in a water tank there." Dick went to feed his horse, and Mrs. Marvin returned to the cabin to fix the supper table.

Five years before, when the boy was a hollow-chested youth of eighteen, they had come from Chicago to the high plains—Richard's doctor had sent them. In that time, the flush had died out of the young man's cheeks and he had padded with solid flesh a consumptive's gaunt frame.

"Dick is getting well, praise the Lord!" It was Mrs. Marvin's daily prayer of thankfulness. Three years ago, she had first uttered it, exultantly—and then she had planned to go back to Chicago. But now the plan was vague, easy for her to put aside. The spell of the wide plain was upon her; she had become a pioneer mother. Dick's little herd of cattle and her own uncertain patch of garden had become important enterprises.

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But as she grew more contented, Dick complained oftener of monotony. "No!" he denied, when his mother asked him if it was Chicago he pined for. "It ain't a city I want—maybe it's just people and stir. I'd like to know myself what makes me restless." It was manhood crowding youth in the lusty frame of twenty-three; Mrs. Marvin could have told Dick that, but it would have seemed vague to him.

Beside a window which let in the soft after-sunset light—a window which rattled all day under the assault of the steady wind—the two ate their supper. For a time, the wind died, and the peace of the prairies fell upon them.

From a tin pie-plate, Dick lifted a quarter of a fresh-baked pie made of dried apples. He held it in his two hands and measured with his eyes on the crisp, firm crust the boundaries of his first bite.

"Dick, won't you ever learn to eat pie like a white man?"

"Gee, mother, I never could insult one of your pies by introducing it to a little old three-tined fork!" They both laughed, and Dick's strong teeth closed upon the pie. He finished the quarter, and hesitated.

"One more piece, Dick!"

"Oh, sho! I'll see my grandmother if I do—I'll be dodging apples all night long. Say, mother, isn't this the time of year when they're picking them back yonder? Seems to me about now you can get 'em fresh and juicy from the stands in Chicago."

"October—yes. In New York State, they're lying in windrows between the trees."

"Smooth and juicy, eh, mother?"

"Yes—red and yellow, and you can smell 'em half a mile away!"

"And they feed 'em to the pigs, sometimes, don't they, mother?"

"They used to, when I was a girl—people didn't seem to care very much for apples."

"Gee!" Dick rose and went outside, whistling an unquiet little tune. Mrs. Marvin cleared away the dishes, washed them, and, with a shawl across her shoulders, came out to join

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her son on the tiny south porch. A young moon was making luminous the west, and far away somewhere in its track a coyote barked. Dick smoked, and his mother sat very quietly with her hands folded in her lap.

"How's the grub holding out, mother?" Dick asked after a time.

"We're all right for ten days."

"Bacon, flour, rice, potatoes, sugar, coffee—and dried fruit?"

"Yes—oh, Dick, why did you bring it into my mind again! Seems to me I just *must* have a fresh apple to eat."

"Now that you mention it, mother, it sure does sound good. Say, I wonder if a fellow couldn't get some over at the railroad?"

"Can you get away, Dick? I believe I'd rather have a bushel of good juicy apples right now than anything else I can think of."

"I'll ride over to-morrow, mother . . . Come inside now, it's getting cold out here." The wind had risen again to a steady blast.

"Isn't it lovely, Dick!" Before she went in, Mrs. Marvin stood at the edge of the narrow porch to let the starshine and the faint moonlight beat upon her face.

"I wish there were trees out there," Dick answered irrelevantly.

Next day, Dick Marvin rode to the railroad, a grain bag tied around his saddle horn. He rode past the construction camp, and stopped for a time to watch men with stout plows furrow the raw prairie; he joked with other men who, with wheeled scrapers, were piling the dirt in ridges, and shouted greetings to the track-layers who were putting down on the packed earth-ridge black, creosoted cross-ties and spiking new rails; he rode close to the dingy work-train, where the locomotive's stack was sending up lazy puffs of smoke, and a thin blue ribbon from the cook car's stovepipe rose into the clear air. Whistling cheerfully, Dick rode on. A mile beyond the end of the line, the newest town rose out of the prairie—a switch, a station shack, a group of tents where the construction gang slept,

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and a combined store and eating-house. This last was the biggest thing in town, its dashboard front standing up fifteen feet from the road and spreading twelve feet on either side of the wide doorway. Across the top of this façade was painted the sign:

"MARLOW'S GENERAL STORE AND GEM RESTAURANT."

Behind it stretched sixty feet of barn-like interior. Sagging and unpainted board shelves stretched down both sides for forty feet, then gave way, on one side, to a lunch counter. Back from the counter were two tables, each seating ten. The kitchen was a corner, boarded off from the big room by partitions which reached for but never quite attained the ceiling. Marbled oilcloth covered the lunch counter, but on the two tables were fringed and red-and-white checkered cloths, with a glass jar of wooden toothpicks occupying the mathematical centre of each.

It was mid-morning when Dick Marvin dropped the reins of his horse's bridle in front of Marlow's and went inside.

A girl—buxom, yellow-haired, blue-eyed—had watched him from her post inside one of the big windows. She was Marlow's assistant, from Kansas City; he had brought her from a department store where she had grown weary of using her eyes on the pale young hunters of the streets. She was twenty-six, ripe and sophisticated; and she had no doubt whatever of her motive for coming. It was certainly not for the ten dollars a week which Marlow offered—and might be able to pay. For the first time, in the two weeks she had watched by Marlow's front window, she thrilled at the sight of a man riding; Dick sat his horse with joyous grace. She smoothed her skirt over her hips, put her hands up to be sure of the fluff in her hair, and turned to the shelves.

"Howdy!" greeted Dick. She turned suddenly from the work at which her fingers had been busy. Plainly, she was startled—in the planned moment of recovery, she could size him up at close range.

"He'll more than do!" was her verdict. She saw a strong, young, brown face, white, even teeth, and a powerful body which was carried with elastic ease.

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"You ought to knock on a lady's door before you come in!"

"I'm after apples," announced Dick; her blonde beauty struck upon him with a pleasant shock.

"Pippins, or jest plain Ben Davises?" The girl laughed, showing her own strong, white teeth. She lifted her eyes to Dick's, and the rounded, creamy-white throat rising above a plain, collarless waist struck on his senses like a blow in the face from a man's hand. In the past five years, he had forgotten the girl's type. The women of the ranches were high-collared, long-sleeved, and self-effacing.

"Oh!" Dick recovered, "I'm open to argument. Which kind do you recommend?"

"Honest, stranger," she answered demurely, "there ain't an apple in town."

"Gee! I haven't tasted a fresh apple for so long I expect I wouldn't know how to bite into one." They both laughed.

"Marlow went in to Delos yesterday, and he's coming back to-day—maybe he'll have sense enough to bring back some apples."

"When does the train from Delos get in?"

"It ain't got any schedule—'most any time from one to five."

"You reckon if I rode on to Cyprus I could get any?"

"I'm sure I don't know." She turned her back and raised her half-bared arms to the shelves again. They were round and creamy-white, dimpled at the elbows.

"How far do you call it to Cyprus?" She finished her task of putting a row of canned goods in perfect alignment before she turned and answered:

"About half as far as it is to Athens. Would you like to ask me anything else?"

"Yes—two more questions. Where's that smile of yours gone? and who names the towns on this road?"

Question one was answered instantly, in a flood of color which rose to the girl's cheeks and a burst of laughter a little too loud.

"I sh'd say they've hired the man that names the Pullman cars." Dick moved aside a plug tobacco slicer to make room

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for himself on the rough board counter. Seated comfortably, he went on:

"Now, take this town. Who in the world ever thought Hesperides was the proper name for it?" Dick accented the first syllable of the name, and divided it after the r.

"Well, why not, Mr. Man?"

"My name is Marvin—Richard Marvin, or Dick generally—if you ever want to use it."

"Thanks; I might. I'm Clara Cullom."

"What's the name of that town the other side of Athens?"

"Geronimo. Marlow told me it was named by an old Indian trader."

"Some sense in that name. But Hesperides—" Dick laughed.

"Most people call it Hesper and let it go at that."

Until twelve o'clock, Dick Marvin kept his seat on the counter. Three horsemen, and one rancher with his wife, in a rattling wagon, came to buy—staples for nailing up wire fences, canned goods, flour, blue overalls, dried peaches, sugar, bananas, cheese, crackers, molasses, and striped stick candy. Clara Cullom served them swiftly, courteously, with never a softening of the serene contour of her face. It was her acknowledgment to Dick Marvin that to-day was his. And to-morrow? The blood was racing through his veins, scattering his self-control as the wind outside drove the tumble-weed pell-mell across the plain.

At twelve a negro woman came out of the partitioned kitchen to ring a big hand-bell. From the steps of a side door, she shook the bell violently, then hurried back. In five minutes, one table was surrounded by hungry men; at the other, the ranchman and his wife were eating fried chicken and conversing stiffly with the station agent. A negro man, some half-grown boys, and a grader from the construction camp occupied the stools before the lunch counter.

Dick was about to slide from his seat on the counter and go to join the three at the table, when he felt the girl's hand on his arm. She leaned close and said:

"They'll all be finished eatin' and gone in half an hour, and then I'll have *my* dinner." Dick rose.

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"I reckon I'll go out and see if I can't rustle some feed for my horse—be sure you save some of that fried chicken for me."

"Mammy Thomas'll look after *us* all right, Mr. Marvin. Half an hour—don't be any longer." Dazzling, and utterly confidential was the smile which ushered him out. To kill time, Dick rode to the construction camp, where the hungry crew sat in irregular groups about the cook car, and where the mules, released for an hour from the work of dragging the loaded scrapers up hill and outracing them as they came clattering down, empty, jerked feed-bags from side to side in rhythm with their round, well-sheared tails. Every mouth, of mules and men, was busy with food. A great, out-of-doors hunger was being satisfied. With a boiled potato, peeled and buttered, poised on his fork, the foreman invited Dick to dismount and eat.

"Git you a plate from the cook car and go to it, friend."

"It looks good, all right, but I got a date to eat up at the store at half past twelve," Dick refused. "You boys are sure pushing things along out here."

"Uh-huh," agreed the foreman thickly, as he swallowed the potato, "our boss gits paid by the mile."

"Are you aiming to put in a water tank at Plum Creek?"

"Well, *we* ain't aimin' to do the work, but I guess a tank will go up there just the same. I did hear some talk, though, about puttin' in a pumpin' plant at the creek an' forcin' the water back to Hesper'—that would save a stop, you see." The foreman took up a quarter of an apple pie and stopped the conversation. His mother's affectionate protest, "Will you never learn to eat pie like a white man!" came to Dick's mind as he watched the foreman shove the pie into his face until his thumbs and forefingers struck his teeth. "Well, so long!" He turned his horse and galloped back to Marlow's.

Mammy Thomas spread a fresh white tablecloth for the two; the fried chicken she served them was sizzling hot; the round, light biscuits were fresh from the oven; the baked potatoes broke mealy and turned to delicate gold at the touch of the fresh butter; fresh and fragrant was the coffee. After the chicken, an omelet—light as sea foam and deliciously flavored.

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And with the second cup of coffee came the apple pie. Dick broke out enthusiastically at sight of it:

"Excuse me, Miss Cullom, but I simply can't—" An instinct made him stop, and, instead of repeating the familiar tribute beloved of his mother, he finished inadequately, "I sure can't help admiring such a cook as you've got here." He ate the pie with the help of the conventional fork, patiently. Clara Cullom ate joyously, with the appreciative discrimination of the clear-skinned, eupeptic human animal.

"I wish *I* could cook like Mammy," she said. "If you got a good appetite and ain't afraid of gettin' fat, I don't know many things that gives you more pleasure than eating. But I've et some fierce meals in my time. Never again, though, if I can help it; and if I was a good cook I'd come pretty close to guaranteeing good eating the rest of the way."

The first effect of this confession on Dick Marvin was depressing, but after pondering it a minute he laughed and recalled the ironical old rhyme:

> "Sugar and spice
> And all that's nice—
> That's what little girls are made of."

"This one is, anyway," he reflected, smiling. Firm flesh, built of solid food, exercise and sound sleep—that's what this blonde girl was made of. It was a new thought to Dick, and one which held allurement. He could picture her meeting the physical strains which men habitually endure—the all-day rides on a round-up, the unbroken twenty-four hour labors of wrecking crews repairing a wash-out—and recovering normally after a good meal and twelve hours of sleep. The blood in her full lips and under the skin of her rounded cheeks ran rich and red.

Mammy Thomas, with many an "Excuse me, Honey," mumbled into the ears of both, cleared the table, put back the white and red checkered cloth, moved the jar of toothpicks conveniently near, and returned to the kitchen.

"Have a toothpick!" They both spoke at once, and their hands moved toward the jar at the same time. Neither hand

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reached its destination; instead, with a swift, eager clutch, the firm white hand met the brown. After what seemed a lifetime of exquisite thrill, Dick heard the girl saying, a bit shakily, "A toothbrush suits me better." White hand and brown clung joyously—the girl spoke again.

"Don't tell me, Dick, you keep your teeth clean with chewin' tobacco!" He shook his head. "Seems to me," she went on, "every unmarried man in this county buys chewin' tobacco just for that purpose."

For a long time the two sat, their hands locked across the corner of the table. From talk, they dropped to whispers, and then to that most eloquent language of new lovers—the straight eye to eye messages which none of us have ever learned to put into words. In the boarded-off kitchen, Mammy's dish-washing clatter died out, and the insistent g-r-r-r! of the coffee-grinding machine began. Mammy Thomas, at any rate, knew that time was passing and that supper would have to be prepared and served.

Up from the construction camp, the work train came backing. At the station, it stopped, and the conductor walked hurriedly across to the store. The girl saw him before he entered, and, with a last pressure of Dick's hand and a swift brushing of his hair with her lips, went forward to wait upon him.

"Howdy, Miss Cullom," the conductor greeted her, then exclaimed, "My soul; you're lookin' fine!"

"It's because I'm happy—my grandfather's just died and left me a farm." He laughed.

"Gimme somethin' good to eat—we got to pull right out to Delos without waitin' fer supper."

"Taking the work train in?"

"No, only the engine and caboose—Joe and Henry are cuttin' off now on the switch."

"I got a notion to ride in with you," she offered, and glanced back toward Dick, who was still sitting at the table.

"Sure! Why not," urged the conductor. "Don't *he* want to go to Delos for anythin'?" The conductor grinned and jerked his thumb toward Dick.

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"Yes; he wants some fresh apples." The girl laughed her full, rich laugh.

"Well, we'll be startin' in ten minutes—I'll be back for that canned stuff." As he went out, Dick came up to the front of the store, vaulted the counter, and put his hands on the girl's shoulders. There rose in her cheeks a crimson tide, and over her blue eyes dropped a misty veil of desire.

"Oh, Dick!" she breathed, standing quietly.

"Didn't that man say he was pulling out for Delos in ten minutes?" he demanded.

"Yes," her eyes dropped. "Dick, what do you mean?"

"Will he take *us?*" The question was whispered fiercely.

"Oh, what are you saying! Why, I don't know you, don't——"

"Good God! you know enough, girl—I want you!" He shook her savagely, and she put her hands timidly up to his face. "We're going on that train—do you want to take anything, pack anything?"

"No—yes, I must get a hat, and—but, Dick, what do you mean?"

"Mean? I can't mean more than one thing. You're going to marry me as soon after we get to Delos as we can rout a preacher out of bed. Now, you get what you need, and we'll hike for that caboose. . . Oh, girl!" his young boy's voice softened, "this is love—you have put a big fire into me, the kind I thought I'd never feel . . . When do you reckon we get to Delos?"

"I don't know, Dick," the girl answered quietly, and slid her hands under Dick's coat-collar and about his neck. She drew him close and kissed his sun-browned cheek.

"Dick, you're my kind,—big brown lover!" She whispered it fiercely.

Coming back for the food, the conductor gave ample warning with his loud whistling; he was met by a rebuke:

"Scotty, you didn't tell me what you wanted—now, you just collect whatever it is off the shelves, while I go pack a valise. I'm going with you; and, oh! this is Mr. Marvin; Mr. Marvin, shake hands with Mr. Scott. Say, Scotty, Mr. Marvin says

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he's going to Delos, too, so you pick out enough for all of us." She went back to see Mammy Thomas, and as she came out of the kitchen the negro woman protested:

"Honey, that's a mighty nice man, and I sorter hates to see you make a fool out o' him."

"Mammy, here's God's truth," the girl cried passionately, "I'd marry that man if I could. But you know the trouble I'd get into if I did—Jake would sure find it out; damn him, why won't he ever get a divorce!"

Across the forty miles of level plain, as the sun slid down the clear blue of the West, turned it to grey, and, after sinking behind the even rim of the prairie, to a dancing, violent pink, the engine raced with its tender in front. The caboose was attached to the cowcatcher—the effect was like that of a terrier hauling frenziedly at a rabbit he had just dragged from its hole. Scott went to ride with Joe, the engineer, and Henry, the fireman, taking food for the three with him.

Under one of the little square windows of the rocking caboose, Dick Marvin sat on the rough-cushioned bench which ran the length of the car. Clara Cullom crowded close to him, and the two watched daytime turn to nighttime and all the light fade from the prairies. At Athens, they went on a switch, and the mixed train out from Delos passed them. Clara saw Marlow, dusty and occupied with the Sunday issue of a Denver newspaper, sitting on what had been the sunny side of the one passenger coach the train carried. "Stupid! Just like him," she muttered. There were two closed box-cars in the train—as they were flung past, an odor pungent and exquisite came into the caboose.

"There's your apples, Dick—want to get off and follow 'em back?" The girl laughed happily, and, twisting her head, offered her red lips for the man's kiss.

"Oh, apples," Dick babbled, "I believe you're right. But I'm holding tight to the best pippin a man ever tasted."

"Holding tight is just what you're doing, Dick, lover; you're killing me, you bear—but I like it," she giggled.

An hour before the engine and caboose crept over the temporary wooden trestle-bridge across the wide, dry river and

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stopped at the station, lights had appeared to draw the eye to the spots of denser black where the scattered ranch houses dotted the level plain. For Dick, that two hours' flight, holding in his arms the throbbing, responsive form of the girl, became a literal, deep intoxication. They got down from the caboose dazedly. Clara was carrying a roughly-tied parcel—their untouched share of the supper. She showed it to Dick and laughed.

"Ain't we the sillies!"

"Ain't we!" Dick rubbed his hand across his eyes. "Say, let's ask Scott about a preacher." But the conductor had disappeared, and the engine was clattering away to the yards. Before them stood the pretentious Harvard-brick hotel and eating house which had been built for the convenience of the great transcontinental road's patrons. In the centre of a tiny plaza, between the tracks and the hotel, a fountain played, and a patch of vivid green grass was bordered by flaming salvia.

"Ain't that lovely!" sighed Clara, pressing close to Dick. "Say, Dick, lover, I'm hungry!"

"Why, sure—so am I—you poor thing! Come on in and let's eat. I reckon we can get that preacher after supper."

At the door, a young Indian boy, in uniform, took the satchel from Dick and led the way to a desk.

"Yes, we'll want a room," the girl answered the clerk's query—"away from the tracks—my husband can't sleep on the noisy side."

Dick signed the register, breathing, "it will soon be true, anyway," when he wrote, "and wife."

They ate supper at a tiny table screened by palms, laid with smooth, rich linen and heavy silver, and lighted by a mellow, shaded electric candle. Noiseless and perfect service, excellent food, cooked to please the finicky palates of jaded transcontinental travellers, a feeling of long-established intimacy between them made the meal a dream-feast to Dick.

"Did you notice the little balcony off our room, Dick—we'll sit out there while you smoke. There's a lovely moon!"

"But—" Dick was finding it hard to remember the preacher.

"Let me pick out a cigar for you, big man. I'll bet I know

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the kind you like." She chose three, with discrimination, and Dick paid half a dollar for them.

Out on the little balcony, with the young moon shining on their faces, with the lights and noise of Delos pleasantly remote, and with the girl in his arms, the cobweb chains of enchantment held them motionless for a long time. Dick flipped his half-smoked cigar over the railing and buried his face in the girl's thick, yellow hair, orris-scented. After a while, a waitress, free for the evening, passed under the balcony on her way to the town—she sang as she went,

"Darling, I am growing old——"

Dick heard, laughed, and set the girl down from his knee.

"Come on, girl—my goodness! I'd sure hate to wake a preacher out of sound sleep. Cover up that wonderful gold hair of yours with a hat and follow little Richard." He turned to go back into the room.

But Clara was at the door ahead of him, barring his way. To stop him, she put up her arms and locked them about his neck; Dick saw that she was weeping—her tears moistened his cheek while she whispered, vehemently, in his ear:

"Dick, we can't! Oh! I had ought to have told you—I'm sorry, now, I didn't. Don't leave me! Don't leave me!"

"Why, sure I won't leave you, Gold-Hair! What's your trouble?"

"We can't be married, Dick—I've got a man somewhere."

"You're married already!" Dick's hands dropped to his sides, but the girl clung close to him and wept, wetting his cheek with her tears. "Good God!" For a long time she clung, saying nothing, weeping hysterically. "Why—why——" Dick spoke again with an effort—"stop crying, girl—it hurts me." His fingers came up to caress the thick, yellow hair. Clara released her grip, turned to put her white, plump forearms against the door-jamb as a cushion for her forehead, and began to speak brokenly, through her tears:

"Yes, go and leave me, Dick—it's best—Oh, my God—I was just a kid when I married Jake—I didn't know what I wanted, and he was a big brute—but you don't know—and I

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thought—Oh! my God, I don't know *what* I thought— But, Dick, you made me crazy—I did want you; and I still want you —more than anything in Christ's world— Leave me, Dick!" The man did not stir, and Clara knew that she had won. She became quiet, a figure of sorrow in the pale moonlight. Dick came up and turned her to face him.

"Gold-Hair, you're mine! Don't you cry any more—I'm going to telephone that young Indian bell-hop to bring up some ice water." He crushed her in a fierce embrace, laughed, and went into the room.

Two hundred miles to the east, in a fat, drowsy town of eastern Kansas, Jake Thompson, competent mechanic, was at work in the railroad repair shops. A hustling, spectacled foreman came into the shops, stopping for a moment at this bench and that. He came and touched Jake's elbow.

"You get ready to go out with me to Delos on number four —we got a pumping plant to install on that branch road, and I need good, sober men. You can go all right, can't you? Got a wife and kids, eh?"

"Free as air," said Jake, and turned back to his work. That night, as the pump-erecting crew in the chair car were speeding to Delos, two of Jake's friends gossiped:

"Say," inquired one, "what you reckon Jake'll do when he sees Clara and that young ranger at Delos?" For more than a week, the man's friends had known that Jake's yellow-haired wife was living in Delos with a man from the short-grass country—it was common gossip among the train-men on the division, and it flowed into the repair shops as naturally as Hertzian waves agitate the antennæ of a wireless station.

"Huh! I bet you he knows already."

"Jake ain't no man fer a gun-play."

"Over that woman of his! You're sure right about that."

"She was in a store at Kay See when Jake got her—and back she went when Jake dropped her. Say, the store girls is sure the stuff! How many men you reckon she's throwed her spell over since Jake quit her?" The conversation trailed off

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into a region of vague, murky surmises. Four seats ahead, Jake slept peacefully.

In ten days, Dick's bank account at Dodge had suffered—and Clara's wardrobe was richer by every bit of feminine gear which had taken her fancy. She was proud of her clothes, vain of her full-blown beauty. And Dick, uniformed for the streets from Delos's biggest store, was a man she could parade proudly. Early in the morning, just before number four, from the east, pulled in, they had acquired the habit of coming down to breakfast—Clara liked to show herself, fresh-bathed and spotless of dress, among the jaded women from the sleeping cars.

Jake Thompson had finished his lunch-counter breakfast of ham and eggs, wheat cakes, syrup, and coffee. He was sitting on the edge of the hotel porch, chewing a toothpick and waiting for the mixed train out to Hesperides. Clara led Dick plump into him before she knew anyone was sitting there.

"Hello, Clara!" Jake greeted her without embarrassment. She turned as if to go back, then stopped, flustered and uncertain. Dick had stopped, and was watching the man chew his toothpick unhurriedly.

"Who's—" Dick began pleasantly, and old habit conquered Clara.

"Jake," she stammered, "shake hands with Mr. Marvin. Mr. Marvin, Mr. Thompson."

"I don't reckon I'll shake hands with him, Clara," Jake observed quietly, "I'm kind of particular about who I touch." His words cut her, like a lash across the face.

"Say, you big boob!" Clara broke out, "don't you make any passes like that around here; Dick, here, is the kind of a man to whirl you round his head and beat your brains out against the door-jamb for talk like that. What the hell you doin' round here, anyway! I thought I'd seen the last of you." Clara was caught up in a whirlwind of reproaches, hysterical curses, and angry sobs. Passengers strolling back to the Pullman from the dining-room stopped to stare frankly. "Gee!" exclaimed one youth delightedly, "it's real old meelo-drammer, straight from Third Avenue."

A grin froze on Dick's face, then settled into faint grey

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lines which spelled nothing suggesting humor. Something that tore and throbbed crept under his skin, rising from spine to scalp, damming the blood-currents and paralyzing thought and speech. Clara's curses, her frenzy of anger, the whole grotesquely coarse outburst seemed a sudden, horrible illusion. He drew his hand across his eyes to drive away the vision, but it persisted. After what seemed a long time, he was astonished to feel Clara's hand on his arm, to hear her angry voice close to his ear saying:

"Kill the ———, Dick! He's laughing at me." Dick shook himself and turned his grey, set face to the girl.

"Didn't you hear Mr. Thompson say he was particular about people? Maybe he wouldn't like me to touch him—I couldn't blame him." The exquisite humor of Dick's speech, born out of a stiffening agony of self-reproach, was lost on Clara. She screamed an epithet at the two men, and ran into the hotel.

"Gee!" muttered the youth from the Pullman, "wouldn't that curl your hair!" He referred particularly to the word which Clara had flung into the faces of the two men.

After a little while, Dick addressed the man sitting on the edge of the porch, still chewing evenly at the toothpick:

"Maybe you and I'd better have a talk." He spoke mildly, courteously.

"Go ahead, I'm listenin'—only make it short, fer I got to catch a train out to Hesper' in a few minutes."

"Oh!" Dick took off his hat and wiped the sweat from his forehead. "'Hesper'—you mean Hesperides?"

"Uh-huh," the man agreed.

"I—I came from out that way." It was as if he had been asleep a long time and the waking was difficult. The world he had left was coming back into being.

"That country any good?" queried the man perfunctorily.

"How's that?" Dick was recalling it better, now. "I live ten miles south-west of Hesperides, and I rode my horse in to get a sack of apples for my mother." He paused and searched his mind again. "Say, *I'm* going out on that train, too—you wait for me."

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"They ain't no law agin it that I know of," was the man's stolid comment.

Clara came downstairs and out of the door, a bag in either hand. She put down the bags—shining new and bulging—and came up close to Dick. Her cheeks were aflame with anger, and she spoke rapidly, with brutal scorn, utterly unmindful of the curious passengers:

"Say, you good little boy! I'm through with you—and damn glad of it. You've made me tired, see! and I won't stand for it. A boob and a mammy's boy! Ain't there no *men* left in the world?"

Watch in hand, the conductor of number four began calling, "All aboard!" His hand was lifted as a signal to his engineer.

"Wait!" screamed Clara, and ran toward the train. A negro porter took her bags, and the last of her that Dick saw, as he stared dazedly, was the flutter of a violet silk petticoat as Clara flung herself up the steps of a Pullman.

The mixed train to Hesperides was coming to a stop, and Jake Thompson was tacking on a moral to the story of his courtship and marriage:

"Clara's wild an' full of life—maybe sober, steady-goin' men *do* make her tired, like she said. I reckon she don't belong in this slow, dog-trottin' age—anyway, such as you an' me can't hold her. Lord! I done got over rampin' an' prayin' on account o' her; maybe, some day, though, she'll git tired of whoopin' it up, an' want to come back an' say, 'Jake, I'm through.' Then I'll give her a home—damn me, if I don't!

"You ride straight home to that good mother o' yours, Dick Marvin, an' forget all about this last ten days. I'll be workin' over here—Plum Creek crossin', they tell me it is—for a month, maybe. Be glad to see you any day." They shook hands, and Dick went across to Marlow's.

As he entered the long store, a pungent, pleasant odor came to his nostrils. Marlow came forward, smiling.

"Going out to the ranch to-day, Mr. Marvin?"

"Yes."

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"Your mother was in the day after you left, and I told her you were called to Kansas City suddenly . . . I been keeping your horse for you in my stable—he's kind of frisky by now."

"Say—" Dick sniffed, and smiled gratefully at the storekeeper— "sack me up a bushel of those apples, will you, Mr. Marlow."

"You spoke just in time—I never did see such a call for apples! Every ranch in three counties sent in for some of that two carloads I brought in. Surprised *me*—I thought I'd got enough in to last all winter."

"People get awful hungry for such things out here."

"I reckon that's so—they work up an awful, what you might call an unnatural, taste for something that's fresh and kind o' sweet and sour, too."

"That's right—you ought to make a good thing out of apples here, Mr. Marlow . . . Well, I'll be riding—you can hand up that sack when I come round."

Dick's horse bucked and plunged, thrilling its rider with the joy of violent motion. At the front door of the store, Marlow gingerly hoisted the apples to the saddle.

"For your mother, Mr. Marvin, with my compliments." Dick slackened the rein, and in three minutes he and his horse had become a bobbing speck to the short-sighted vision of the contemplative Marlow.

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PILGRIMAGE

LAURA CAMPBELL

I WILL tread on the golden grass of my bright field,
When the passion-star has paled, when the night has fled;
I will tread on the golden grass of my bright field,
In the glow of the early day when the east is red.

In my bright field a broken beech-tree leans,
And a giant boulder stands by a black-burned wood;
And a rough-built, falling wall and a rotting door
Sear, like a scar, the spot where a house once stood.

My eyes are mute on the white edge of the dawn,
My feet fall swift and bare upon the way . . .
The long soft hills grow black against the sky,
The great wood moves, unfolds; the high trees sway.

The worn road stretches thin, and the low hedge stirs,
And a strong old bridge looms frail o'er a ghostly stream;
And a white flower turns and breathes, and turns again . . .
Does it live, as I live? Does it wake, as I waked, from a dream?

(How merciless is the dawn! how poignant the hush in my soul!
How changeless the changing sky! how fearful that wild bird's call!
I hear the quick suck of his wing, the push of his breast—he is gone!
How swift is an æon of time! how endless, beginningless, all!)

I tread on the golden grass of my bright field;
The sun's on a hundred hills; the night has fled;
I tread on the golden grass of my bright field
In the glow of the early day; and the east is red.

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BERGSON: FIRST AID TO COMMON SENSE

ALBERT L. WHITTAKER

HENRI BERGSON represents a revolt on the part of outraged reality and common sense against the rigid intellectual system to which men have been giving their servile allegiance.

As a talented youth Bergson had planned eagerly to continue the philosophical work of Herbert Spencer. But at the very threshold of such an attractive career he became convinced of the absolute failure of the main principles of that system of thought to do justice to the real facts of life. The evolutionists presented the world with a hard, dry, mechanical theory of the development of forms of life. Start at the beginning in a certain way, and everything would follow in rigid accordance with rule. Everything was fixed from the beginning, like a political convention.

And his study of philosophers and theologians revealed the same heartless and mechanical methods of thought. It was a case of Pilate and Herod meeting in friendly compact to war against the living, breathing truth. For centuries the theologians of the Calvinistic vision had been thrusting down men's throats the bitter pill of necessitarianism. That is, God, being absolute and eternal, had at the very beginning foreseen everything that ever would happen in the life of the Universe, and therefore it had to happen that way; and man had no more freedom than the bar of iron which the blacksmith plunges into the glowing embers, and takes out and welds according to his will. Try to squirm around it as one may, that is the meaning of determinism—it takes away man's freedom and renders him a mere puppet strung on wires.

And Bergson found that theologians with no Calvinistic leanings were hailing as a *deus ex machinâ* the idealistic philosophy which posited a God whose every thought became fact, who indeed spun out the Universe as a spider spins its web. It cannot be denied that it appeals powerfully to a spiritual nature to believe that there is a Power above, which puts into the souls of

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men every thought they contain and sets in order every detail of the universe and every fact of history, arranging the whole in a beautiful symphony. But the difficulty is this, that after all there is no symphony until there has been internecine conflict and a reign of evil so terrible and cruel that, if the orders for that came from God, we might as well give up first as last any thought of God as a good God. I know that Leibnitz very beautifully shows us that evil is necessary to good; and any one of us knows that difficulties and sorrows are a means of the development of what is best in a man's character, that indeed a man who never had any obstacles in his race of life would be too soft to be very effective in doing any real part of the world's work or taking a hand in the world's actual fighting. And a man into whose heart sorrow has never struck its fangs will scarcely have developed the finer character of the noblest souls. It may indeed be proved that evil is a good thing in life; but to accuse God of deliberately plunging cruel knives into his children's vitals and stringing them upon racks of torture is rather more than some thinkers, both the superficial and the more profound, have been able to accept. If these things come from the direct command of the Almighty Creator, then like Prometheus of old we'll cry out in protest against Deity.

But put this profound truth of the existence of evil together with a certain character of good in a different way, and we shall be better able to receive it. Three theories of the mystery of being have contended for the mastery over the minds of men—monism, dualism and pluralism. The first is that with which we have been finding fault. According to that, in a slang phrase which I do not at all mean to be irreverent, God is "the whole thing." He is the whole thing in precisely the same way in which the Calvinistic theology of the original type makes God the arbitrary determiner of the joys and sorrows of his creatures, who must suffer from his decrees ages after they have been formulated. With thorough-going monism there would be not even the chance of development of character through suffering. All over the world we should have specimens of God's handiwork, devils greater and lesser, and good men more or less possible to live with. But God would have to bear the responsibility

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for it all. It would all be just so much pottery which God had made, not so many souls which he had allowed and strengthened and inspired to develop.

The second theory, dualism, will not be necessary to our present discussion; but the third theory, namely pluralism, is the one to which many of the thoughtful are to-day turning for a consistent explanation of the facts of the universe and of life. Upon this theory there is a plurality of really independent souls in the universe, able to affect the history of the world and to display initiative. Every soul that is born into the world is, or may be, a truly free agent, like God or Satan, though with lesser powers. If we can but get this thought in mind, that each of us is really able to make a free choice and to do something which puts something new into the world, we shall be ready to see into the very heart of Bergson's philosophy.

One of Bergson's main contentions is this, that man in devising methods of clear thinking has narrowed his vision and has eliminated some facts of vital importance. In the beginning of conscious human life, that consciousness was chiefly instinct, as in animal life consciousness is only secondarily intelligent. But in the highly developed human brain instinct is as a rule shunted off into a dark closet and told to stay there. There are, however, some brains of a high order where instinct is not so inhospitably or so ungratefully treated—that is, in such a brain as that of the artist who does his best work not when he is groping around with a measuring rod or amid geometrical forms, but when he lets himself go, when he gets into a frenzy and forgets all he ever knew, but just paints or sculptures as though he were hypnotized—as indeed perhaps he is.

Bergson's figure as to the relation of instinct and intellect is that of a nebulous haze condensing into a flame. If we take only the luminous centre and leave out of account the great area of nebula, we have simply selected a portion of the whole and put it in the place of the whole. And so in our decided preference for the clear forms of intellectualizing we have neglected the perhaps duller appearing but none the less real content of consciousness. Bergson makes a plea for assigning to instinct a more important place. We need intellectual concepts; but we

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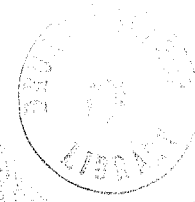

must not deceive ourselves into thinking that no advance may be made except by means of the clear forms of intellectual exercise. We must lay hold upon man's primitive gift of instinct. Rather, perhaps, we ought to say we should lay hold upon it in its highly developed form of intuition. Good Christians ought to take very kindly to a philosophy which lays stress upon intuition. It may prove to be the same as inspiration.

But now let us try to grasp Bergson's thought as to the development of life. By the commonly received theory of evolution life starts out on its evolutionary journey like a football, and has about the same sort of an experience as a football in a game, being kicked and impelled exclusively from without. Any elusive darts of the football and erratic dives down the field are purely reflex—even when apparently most spontaneous being most conditioned upon external impetus. But Bergson's illumining and enheartening theory is that the life which bowls along on its journey from the kicking-off place to the goal is not, or need not be, the mere victim of every kicking toe, need not be a mere passive pigskin. In the elusive sphere, whether we allow it to generate its power or not, is a motor engine. "Elan vital" as used so commonly by Bergson means "vital spring." And in Bergson's evolutionary process, when the living subject of the evolutionary process seems to make a leap or bound, it may be really of its own self doing something; the vital spring may be not simply the manifestation of the power of an alien boot.

Now Bergson says that to be able to make real progress in becoming free agents we must get away from the man-made, the machine-made, one might call them, concepts or modes of thinking which have been handed down to us. We should by no means dispense with them, for we shall find them very convenient. They are like the bucket for carrying water. One needs something of the sort. But the bucket should remain purely auxiliary. It is not the main thing. Yet we have been exalting our purely intellectual forms and modes of thinking into ends and realities in themselves. We must somehow abstract ourselves from such bondage, let ourselves go, enter with sympathy into the real essence of reality, give our native unspoiled instinct a chance to wrest from the universe its secrets and to exert itself

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in the universe as a creative force. If we shall only choose by a supreme effort of our unspoiled intuitive faculty to enter into the "élan" or vital stream, then and there may appear real acts of creation, the evolution will be, as Bergson phrases it in the title of his thus far most important published work, "Creative Evolution."

What an inspiring vision of possibility of attainment has this master mind given us. Man becomes a really moral being, with greater importance in the scheme of things and a greater dignity and self-respect. He becomes even, like the great ones in religious literature, a miracle-worker. While in this place we may not follow out this interesting implication, yet if there be in the developing life-process the potential originality upon which Bergson insists, and if the ready-made categories of man's manufacture be of a less cramping character than we have thought we had to believe, may we not expect a greater flexibility in the creation of new forms?

To sum up, the man in the street, except when he becomes cynical, really believes himself free in his moral choices. Bergson's thought—although a mere undeveloped suggestion as yet—points the way to a philosophical position which allows us in the name of our everyday common sense to hold this native belief of the heart. Our common sense has told us that we are not necessarily puppets or pawns. The modern kindly philosopher of Jewish extraction reinforces the lesson of the gracious Nazarene who nineteen centuries ago spoke to the noblest there was in his fellow-men. Like that greater teacher, Henri Bergson comes that we may have life and that we may have it more abundantly.

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OF CATS

A. Donald Douglas

HAD M. Maeterlinck understood and appreciated that comic gravity which lies near the heart of things, he would never have created the character of the cat in *The Blue Bird*. He knows nothing whatever about cats: he has made the cat full of snarling treachery and craven shrinking toward his masters, of imperturbable and solemn egoism toward himself. Now a cat never disguises his true state of mind: he shows his affection or his disaffection in the plainest and most unmistakable terms. His egoism is neither imperturbable nor solemn: he has a merry appreciation of his own worth of character. He is not to be deceived by false expressions of regard, nor cozened into amenity by Greeks bearing presents of fish and flattery. For, after all, a sense of humor is the sole quality enabling a man, or cat, to distinguish a friend from a flatterer, and to appraise his own character at its exact merits, careless of the scoffs or adulation of the vulgar.

There are certain elements in the character of a cat which make it difficult for the masculine mind to penetrate through his outer envelope of indifference to the inner sanctities of his soul. It is easy to mistake a cat's utter aversion to anything pertaining to a vulgar revelation of feeling for a calculated contentment with self; and so to most men cats appear as embodied personifications of egoism, related by a kind of feline consanguinity to Sir Willoughby Patterne. A man's instinctive dislike of cats arises chiefly from the fact that he recognizes in the cat a perturbing visualization of his own inner nature. Of course, he espouses the pathetic delusion that in the noisy, honest unselfishness of the dog he may trace a flattering resemblance to his own big soul; and so he avers, with a careless tolerance of classification, that the cat is the very image of woman.

Thus the cold light of depreciation which man has shed upon cats springs chiefly from his abysmal ignorance of the qualities of his own character. A cat's code of ethics conforms more closely to man's than man cares to acknowledge; and the egoism

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of the genus homo is more pronounced and insincere than the egoism of the genus feles. And so the sight of personified egoism, more concentrated and open than that of man, calls down upon the poor animal the undeserved epithet of "the complete egoist." A man cannot disencumber himself of the stock formulas of the disinterested charity of his ambition, while a cat makes no pretence of disguising the compact egoism of his nature; and because of this unashamed sincerity he is commented unfavorably upon as resembling a woman. The comparison is inadequate: the cat lacks both woman's dissimulation, and her exhaustless generosity of impulse.

Now there are two important attributes you must recognize in a cat if you wish to appraise him rightly: he is a rationalist and he is an individualist. For a cat there is no such thing as instinctive, blind friendship; he cares nothing for the stock solemnities about "an animal's duty toward his protector." He regards the unreasoning worship of the dog with a scornful disdain. Why should he lick the boots of a man whose only reward is a cruel buffet? I suspect that Bill Sikes's dog was the laughing stock of the cats of his time. Men do not like cats because cats demand an explicit return for affection rendered, and refuse to love man because he *is* huge, blundering, selfish man, asking for unqualified approval of his sacred stupidities. A cat will reward you with a deathless passion if you treat him as a peer; and though he makes no banal overtures of affection, no indelicate advances toward a vulgar interplay of love, you may be very sure that in some subtle manner he will admit you to the privileged intimacies of his esteem, and make honorable concessions he would not otherwise stoop to. To the best of my knowledge and belief my cat never shows me any undue eagerness of love, yet he will allow me to hold him suspended by his tail, with never a murmur of protest. I hasten to add I do not often subject him to such an ordeal,—an ordeal he would not permit at the hands of barbarous outlanders. He never will allow me to hold him on my lap, but he is unhappy unless he is in the same room with me, or with some other member of the family.

The second splendid mental attribute of the cat is his deep,

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deliberate individualism. He is not wantonly selfish, for he will not inflict harm with preconcerted malice, but he always considers his own pleasures and ambitions first. Which is no more than most of us do, though we would not admit it for the world. Only shallow people accuse the cat of a lazy intolerance toward action, for though he sleeps through the long hours of the dull day, there is rarely a night he does not spend in ceaseless prowling or vocal activities.

I regret that he has found no Landseer or Elsey to paint his furry splendor upon the canvas. Knaus and a few Dutch painters have made some very charming studies of cats, but no great painter has given him his undivided and enthusiastic attention. Breton Rivière's *Blockade Runner* represents a most vital dramatic instant in the life of a cat; but alas! the chief interest of this lovely picture lies in the group of dogs. Why didn't Rosa Bonheur paint cats instead of huge, horrid lions? The answer to these questions lies, I am afraid, in the exact analysis I have given of the reasons why most people do not like cats. Any Landseer or Rosa Bonheur can paint and understand a dog or horse, for these animals choose their friends with a lamentable absence of discrimination. But only a genius like Regnault, whose *Horses of Achilles* is a finer and greater painting than all of Rosa Bonheur's put together, can hope to penetrate the mystery shrouding that most fascinating and baffling of animals, the cat. And not until there comes a man who combines the technical competence of Regnault and the fine appreciation of Mr. Kipling (whose wonderful *Cat that Walked by Himself* everyone should read) can we hope to see the cat, as he deserves, painted in immortal language upon the great canvases of the world.

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TEETH AND CIVILIZATION

LEWIS M. TERMAN

"A TOOTH," said Don Quixote, "is worth more than a diamond." The world's leading medical authority, Dr. William Osler, agrees with this and expresses the belief that more physical degeneracy can be traced to neglect of the teeth than to the abuse of alcohol. There is no doubt that it affects very many more people.

Diseased teeth are responsible for an almost inconceivable amount of ill health and misery. Indigestion, anæmia, general debility, retarded growth of mind and body, nervousness and various infectious diseases are some of the most common results. Complications with heart and ear are not infrequent. Life expectancy and industrial efficiency depend in large measure on the condition of the teeth. Moral efficiency also and the joy of living depend, directly or indirectly, about as much on one's teeth as on one's philosophy or religion.

During the Boer War over 3,000 British soldiers were invalided home because of defective teeth. Out of 23,000 rejected applicants for enlistment in the British army 5,000 were for defective teeth. Statistics from other countries show that these are probably average conditions for the adult population of Europe and America.

That dental disease is so serious and yet so prevalent might lead one to suppose that the causes and means of prevention were shrouded in deepest mystery. But not so. The causes are definitely known, tangible and amenable to control. About twenty million dollars expended in the right way would put all the teeth of all our school children in order, as far as their present state of disease permits, and an annual expenditure of fifty or seventy-five cents for each child, combined with suitable instruction, would keep them so. Nowhere else will timely treatment go so far and nowhere else is it so needed. Dental decay is a disease of childhood and youth. If kept in repair till the age of twenty the teeth should be sound at sixty. Neglected till

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twenty, teeth with any tendency to decay are beyond hope of salvage.

Examinations of thousands of school children in diverse parts of the world have established that fewer than 10 per cent. are free from diseased teeth or gums, dental caries (decay of teeth) being the most common defect. The average school child has from three to five decaying teeth. Many investigations report as many as 20 to 30 per cent. of all the teeth as affected. There are marked age differences. More diseased teeth are found in the lower grades than in the intermediate. This is due to the approaching secondary dentition. The smallest number is found at the age of ten. By the age of fourteen the number per child averages as great as at six or seven. There are at least 80,000,000 decayed teeth in the mouths of our 20,000,000 school children.

WHY DEFECTIVE TEETH ARE INJURIOUS

The influence of defective teeth is of four kinds chiefly: First, decreased power of mastication, due either to decay or irregularities of the teeth; second, the toxic action of the pus, which is absorbed directly into the blood or taken into the stomach and intestines; third, reflex nervous disturbances due to crowded teeth, toothache, etc.; and fourth, the possibility of the defective tooth acting as a breeding ground and distributing point for dangerous bacteria.

Thorough mastication is prevented by the lack of chewing surface and by the tendency to bolt the food occasioned by local tenderness or irregularities which prevent the teeth from meeting evenly. It should be remembered that the loss of one tooth always renders the one opposite it useless. Malformation of the jaws, as in severe cases of adenoids or impaction, makes mastication practically impossible.

Mastication means more than merely preparing the food for swallowing. If properly performed it greatly increases the amount of saliva, mixes it thoroughly with the food and thus initiates one of the essential processes of digestion, the conversion of starch into sugar. It is the only part of digestion over which we have direct voluntary control.

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Mastication also provides a necessary stimulus for the healthy development of the jaw and the growth of the teeth. Experiments with rabbits have shown that filing the teeth on one side so as to confine mastication to the other side causes maldevelopment of the jaw and of the bones about the nose and the base of the skull. Finally, when mastication is thorough the teeth tend to clean themselves during the meal; when food is bolted they are prone to decay.

Toxemia from the swallowing or absorption of pus is probably the most serious evil of neglected teeth. Every cavity becomes filled with an unspeakably foul mixture of decayed food and bacteria. One investigator found more than a hundred different kinds of mouth bacteria.

The germs of tuberculosis and diphtheria are frequently found in dental cavities and are thought to find their way sometimes into the blood from this point. Decayed and neglected teeth thus become an important factor in the predisposition to tuberculosis, scarlet fever, diphtheria, etc. When teeth are decayed the tonsils are more likely to become diseased. Diseased tonsils have been found to be more than six times as common among children with four or more decayed teeth as among those whose teeth were all sound. Sometimes the infection is carried from the mouth through the eustachian tube to the middle ear, causing earache and sometimes dangerous abscesses.

Ulcerated teeth are a source of danger as well as of pain. Even after the abscess has broken through to the surface of the jaw and allowed the pus to escape, a sinus remains which continues to discharge more or less pus as long as the tooth remains uncared for. This chronic stage may cause no observable symptoms in the mouth, but the discharging pus is churned up and swallowed with every mouthful of food. The constant absorption of millions of virulent bacteria irritates the intestinal linings, causing catarrh, diminished secretions, anæmia and general weakness. The bacteria may be carried by the blood to different parts of the body and give rise to various kinds of glandular infections. Statistics indicate that more than one per cent. (a quarter million) of our school children are constantly suffering from one or more ulcerated teeth.

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Nervousness results both from the induced state of malnutrition and from the reflex irritation caused by toothache, impacted teeth, etc. Moral self-control may even become impossible. Bad teeth have brought more than one boy into the juvenile court.

One nervous, irritable boy gradually developed habits of lying and stealing. He was brought into the juvenile court and treated for adenoids, but to no avail. Finally, a dental examination disclosed an extraordinary condition of crowded teeth. Treatment was followed by complete moral reform.

WHY TEETH DECAY

Dental caries always begins on the outside of the tooth and is always due to external causes. Fermentation and putrefaction of particles of food are caused by the bacteria ever present in the mouth, and this results in the production of acids. The enamel and the soft, underlying dentine are not broken down by the bacteria directly, but by the acids produced by the action of the bacteria upon the food particles left in the mouth. The problem, therefore, is the prevention of acids. The saliva, which is slightly alkaline, helps to do this. In ill health, however, saliva may lose its neutralizing power; and what is still more important, food remnants that are left thickly plastered in the recesses of the teeth protect a part of the deposit from the effect of the saliva and so permit the destructive processes to begin. Recessive gums, accumulations of tartar, and mouth breathing all tend to cause decay of the teeth.

The rate of acid formation depends also upon the nature of food particles left in the mouth, the sweets being the foods which most readily ferment and produce acids. For this reason the meal should not end with jams, cake, candy, or other foods rich either in starch or sugar, nor should these be eaten between meals. When sweets are eaten they should be followed by solid foods, such as apples, which have a cleansing effect. The high susceptibility in this country to dental caries is partly accounted for by the fact that our sugar consumption per capita is by far the highest in the world.

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Whatever the food, the essential thing is to keep the mouth clean. Wallace has shown that sound, even, well matched teeth clean themselves in the thorough mastication of solid foods, and that they do this more effectively than the tooth brush. If the food is pasty, however, mastication plasters it so tightly against the teeth that no ordinary amount of brushing removes it. This authority believes that the choice of solid food and its deliberate mastication are more important preventive measures than any amount of artificial cleanliness. His opinion is based on over 6,000 experiments made for the purpose of determining differences in the tendency of different foods to lodge in the mouth. In order to try the theory he secured parental co-operation in subjecting fourteen children to the test. From the age of three or four years they were given foods of high tooth-cleansing power and were required to masticate thoroughly. After each meal the mouth was rinsed. At the age of five to seven years not one of the children had a carious tooth.

This theory sounds so reasonable that it is well worth considering. Everyone knows, for example, that apples leave the teeth cleaner than pie. And even if our faith in the theory is not strong enough to enable us to live contentedly without our tooth brushes, its general acceptance would at least insure more thorough mastication; and this would be no small gain in the score of health.

When a tooth is sore, mastication is shifted to the other side of the mouth or else slighted altogether. As a result, the teeth do not then clean themselves and decay is likely to set in, spreading gradually to the adjacent teeth.

It is largely for the above reason that the care of the temporary teeth is so important. When neglected, as they usually are, thorough mastication is out of the question and the jaws do not develop properly. The palate tends to become arched and the permanent teeth are almost sure to come in crowded and uneven.

The best authorities are coming to believe that irregular teeth and an arched palate are less the result of adenoids than their cause. It is certain that if a larger use were made of solid foods, if mastication were always thoroughly performed and if

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the temporary teeth were carefully preserved, adenoids would less often develop.

Another factor in dental decay is the tooth's power of defence. It is well known that individuals differ enormously in this respect. Some teeth remain perfectly sound without the slightest care, while others require all the arts of dentistry to hold them together. We must consider, therefore, the tooth's nutrition.

Both sets of teeth are formed and imbedded in the jaw long before the end of pre-natal life. When the milk teeth are beginning to appear the enamel of the permanent teeth is already developing. So far as is known, enamel once formed never changes for better or for worse from natural causes. We must go through life with our original dental armaments. When nutrition is insufficient during infancy and childhood the teeth are sure to be imperfect. Growing cells cannot build a perfect structure without suitable material.

Now the main cause of the infantile malnutrition which results in defective enamel of the teeth is artificial feeding. Investigations which included nearly 200,000 children showed that those who had been breast fed had only 9 per cent. of their teeth carious, while the artificially fed had as high as 27 per cent. decayed. Malnutrition, more often perhaps than the absence of the tooth brush, is responsible for the inferior teeth among the children of the poor. Jewish children, who as a rule are breast fed and otherwise well cared for, have better teeth than non-Jewish children. Even a temporary disturbance of nutrition during childhood, such, for example, as that produced by measles or scarlet fever, will often leave horizontal rings of microscopic pits around the enamel.

Rose and Underwood have demonstrated the closest relation between dental caries and the degree of civilization. All primitive races are practically immune, regardless of food habits and of habitat. Native Africans and Eskimos have teeth equally perfect. The former clean their teeth religiously after each meal, the Eskimos never.

It has not been demonstrated, however, that the difference is one of racial heredity. From an examination of thousands of

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skulls Underwood shows that dental caries is ten times more prevalent in western Europe to-day than it was one hundred years ago. It hardly seems possible that actual racial degeneracy as regards the power of the tooth to resist decay could establish itself so universally in a few generations. The only possible conclusion is that it is not a matter of degeneration but of changed food habits. Cooked, mushy and sticky foods have replaced foods that were resistant and fibrous. The consumption of sweets has been multiplied many times. Mastication is fast becoming a lost art. Babies are less and less nourished in the natural way.

For these and other reasons the prevention of dental caries is a more difficult problem than ever before, and one whose importance it is hardly possible to exaggerate. If the disease is not arrested micro-organisms will soon score their first complete victory. We do not want to give up our civilization and we should find some way to retain it without the cost of our teeth.

But perhaps it is not necessary to choose between civilization and teeth. Appropriate preventive measures during childhood would probably insure good teeth to the majority of adults. This means cleanliness, thorough mastication, suitable food, the care of the temporary teeth, careful nutrition during infancy and childhood, and the prevention of decay, irregularities and impaction by the repair of defects as rapidly as they appear.

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A PLEA FOR PRIVACY

ROBERT J. SHORES

THERE is no man, I believe, so gregarious by nature that he does not sometimes wish to be by himself; as the once popular song had it, "there are moments when one wants to be alone." However much we love our friends, we would not be always with them, but would reserve for ourselves some portion of the day dedicated to our most private considerations, during which time we might think upon such matters as call for thought but not for conversation. We would not be always alone, for the desire so to be is neither healthy nor sensible, and no sane man would care for a life into which there entered no interests but his own. We would have company often, and then the best obtainable, but not the company of any one person for too long a time, for that is to be alone and yet not to be alone. As George Bernard Shaw would say, to be constantly in the company of any one person is never to be in company, for no man can get away from himself until he has gotten away from his wife. Or, as Gilbert Chesterton might say, a man talking to his wife is like a madman talking to himself; he knows the answers before they come, but he cannot stop them.

"Yes, Beloved, we are one," says the hero of Algernon Boyesen's *The Perfect Lovers*. "You are my Spirit's sister, the incarnation of the feminine half of my soul. We are one. And I am sick of you as a flower might sicken of its own perfume, a Dryad of the luscious pulp of his own tree. I leave you to escape solitude. I cannot live alone."

Whether or not it really takes nine tailors to make a man, many a married man and woman feels that it would take at least nine husbands or wives to make another person. It is the chief reproach of the marriage state as it is now constituted that it takes into so little account the natural craving of all normal persons for at least a modicum of privacy. Michel de Montaigne had in his round tower a haven of peace and quiet wherein he took refuge from the cares of his household, and whither the

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members of his family, whether relatives or servants, were forbidden to follow him. There he withdrew to exercise his mind at his ease, and not only to consider his own character in the light of the world's literature, but also to consider the affairs of the world in the light of his own character.

"Miserable in my mind," said he, "is he who, in his own house, hath nowhere to be to himself; where he may particularly court, and at his pleasure hide and withdraw himself."

Miserable indeed is the man who has no corner of his home which he can call his own, but there are many such. Family intimacy is carried to such a degree in many households, that for one person to knock before entering another's room would seem as absurd as to send in one's card upon returning from business at the end of the day. This confident familiarity might, indeed, be a charming testimony of family affection, if it were not so often obviously only the outgrowth of a hardened indifference to the rights of others and a careless disregard of the courtesy paid without question to outsiders. When, a few years since, certain wealthy persons began to adopt the European custom of providing separate bed-chambers for husband and wife, many worthy old-fashioned people were shocked. It seemed almost as immoral to them that those who were united in lawful wedlock should lodge apart, as that those who were not should lodge together. Yet there is much to be said in favor of this custom, odd as it seems to those who find it unfamiliar. For if one cannot have privacy in one's own home, where is one to get it?

It is perhaps the most nerve-racking feature of our modern civilization that we are left so little to ourselves. The day of the business man is punctuated with casual and often quite unnecessary interruptions, and his evenings are not much better. The poor, being crowded together in cramped quarters, are compelled to be in company by night as well as by day, and the wealthy, being surrounded by servants, are in not much better case. As for those who are neither rich nor poor, who have a sufficiency of room and who have not a multiplicity of servants, there would seem to be little excuse for their missing the balm of privacy, if it were not for the fact that they are so helpless before the intrusive instincts of their fellows. It grows increas-

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ingly difficult, year by year, for any man to conserve his privacy without alienating his friends. We have all become so accessible, by telephone, by telegraph, or by post, that we are at the mercy of almost anyone who chooses to make a demand upon our time. Our names and addresses are furnished free of charge in the city, telephone and club directories, to strangers as well as to friends, and he may account himself a lucky man to-day who is not constantly imposed upon by those who have no better claim upon his consideration than that of belonging to the human race. Innumerable agents of unknown benevolent societies, countless representatives of unheard of financial enterprises, numberless chance acquaintances, hosts of ubiquitous advertisers, hordes of social reformers, new religionists and what-not clamor and crowd until he has much ado to hear the voice of either his conscience or his common sense. Urged and importuned to embark upon this, that or the other course, upon the score of some imputed duty to the world in general and to nobody in particular, he is reminded of his obligation to everybody but himself. He has impressed upon him, through the press and by word of mouth, his responsibility for all the poverty, vice, ignorance and crime that exist in the world to-day. As for his own morals, manners and mentality—they may go hang. He is to free everyone else of their burdens at the expense of his own freedom.

This is a day of societies for the prevention and suppression of manifold nuisances and wrongs; would it not be expedient to form one affirmative society for the promotion and preservation of privacy? One society whose members would pledge themselves to observe toward everyone else that same regard for their privacy that each person, in his innermost heart, feels it is his right to demand from others?

Already it happens that the good-natured man soon finds himself a ready repository for every sort of worry, care and vexation of which others are anxious to be rid; a veritable dumping-ground for afflictions, responsibilities and cankers of conscience. As the sin-eaters of Africa assume the evil deeds of the dead for a fee, so he, for no reward but the careless approval of the unthinking and indifferent, assumes the sins

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and follies of the living, and finds himself standing like Atlas with the weight of the heavens and earth upon his shoulders, staggering under an intolerable but immovable load of human misery, while those whom he has relieved go swaggering off light-hearted in their new-found freedom, as Hercules turned his back upon Atlas and swaggered away carelessly swinging in his hand the apples of Hesperides.

The man does not live who can at the same time be guardian to all mankind and a true friend to himself. The most fortunate man, however blessed above his fellows, finds himself living a life where he has much trouble and little time. And if to his own troubles he adds those of every chance acquaintance, and of his own time he gives to all who ask, he will one day look about him for an opportunity for solitude, to find himself suddenly at the end of his journey and on the brink of the grave, where, for the first time, he will be quite—quite—alone.

AT THE LOOM

BEATRICE REDPATH

I SIT in the cool blue dusk of the room
And hear the murmur of doves in the eaves,
And the gentle song of the purring loom
As the shuttle spins and the white flax weaves,
But my hands fall wide in the tender gloom
For a whisper of love is abroad in the leaves.

My web is white as the mist is white
That clings to the curve of the broken shore;
But the love in his eyes was a flame alight
And I am fain of all Love's sweet lore;
He trod through my dreams in the quiet night
And my feet are restless upon the floor.

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HAIKAI POETRY

GERTRUDE EMERSON

ALTHOUGH proverbs in olden days, and, more recently, epigrams, have furnished vent for a certain cryptic or elliptical expression in English, we have never had a really short poetical form. The couplet, even when detached, is but a bungling masquerade in court dress compared with the facile and delicate adaptability of what is known in Japanese as "haikai" poetry. The standard form of poetry in Japan is the tanka, a stanza consisting of lines of 5-7-5-7-7 syllables respectively, making a total of 31 syllables. Even this short form, however, proved too long for popular taste, and from a custom of linking verses as a literary pastime—that is, of having one person give the first three lines of a tanka and another add the last two—the initial hemistich came to stand as a poem by itself, and emerged in the sixteenth century under the name of hokku or haikai, a complete verse in seventeen syllables. Since then its popularity has been attested in the thousands of poems composed yearly, not only by those whose sole claim to fame rests upon the especial adroitness with which they handle haikai, but by people in every walk of life, including women and students in no small number.

The rules of composition are few. As all Japanese words end in one of the five vowels, rhyme would mean nothing but a tedious repetition of similar sounds; consequently it plays no part in Japanese poetry. All syllables are of practically the same quantity, so that the stress is evenly divided. There is, however, a system of expletives, or "kiriji," introduced at the beginning, the middle, or the end of the poem to tighten it, and a cæsural pause not uncommonly following the first line. The following is perhaps the most famous of all haikai poems and will serve to illustrate their form.

Furu-ike ya
  Kawazu tobi-komu
Mizu no oto.

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It may be fairly literally translated:

Old pond, aye! and the sound of a frog jumping in.

Owing to the very great compression of space, many words are omitted which it is possible for the mind to supply for itself. As a result, haikai are frequently without grammatical subjects or verbs, as in the instance just quoted. The principal idea, in the form of a surprise, is usually reserved to the end, as in this excellent example:

Sitting with his hands on the floor,
Lifting up his voice reverentially, oh, the frog!

It must be incidentally remembered that the first idea suggested to the mind of a Japanese in reading this would be utterly different from that which would be suggested to us. A grave dignitary is the picture presented by the poem until the introduction of the frog. According to the custom of the country, the polite address or salutation is from a position of great humbleness on the floor. Thus the irregular character of haikai poetry results in an essentially fragmentary character which the circumstances of its origin have helped to augment. A further expedient to meet the necessary economy of words consists in a curious use of punning. Homonyms, of which there are a vast number in the language, are made to serve as pivot words for both the end of one phrase and the beginning of the next. They represent, perhaps, simply an intensive use of Japanese, rather than an attempt at punning as we understand it. In choice of words, the tendency has always been to eliminate those of Chinese importation and to keep to the archaic and purely native, but in the course of time many words of both colloquial and foreign derivation have crept in. Every so often a poet arises to pull up the standard of vocabulary. Words of a euphonious combination of sound are as necessary as with us.

There is one purely indigenous custom in composition which brings one to the subject matter of haikai, and that is the presence in every poem of a seasonal word. The Japanese temperament, unlike the occidental, is innately averse to the expression

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of personal feeling; it is an interesting observation on the side, that, as a result, the language is almost wholly devoid of personal pronouns. As there must be self expression of some sort, however, a highly complex system of symbols has been evolved in which objects have been taken from nature to stand for the emotions that may not be uttered. Thus among the most obvious ones are the pine tree and the stork, closely connected with old age and suggesting a whole train of ideas—veneration, obedience to example, sturdy fortitude, and righteousness. The plum tree, blossoming while the snow is yet on the ground and everything is cold and barren, and the lotos, rising pure and untainted from a foundation of slime and stagnation, are symbols of the purity of life. The lotos in particular is the mystic symbol of Buddhism, and of death, when the spirit is loosed from the world forever. The bamboo, soft and yielding, yet difficult to break, represents love. In poetry there is less restraint than in any other form of expression, but the habitual mode of thinking is not easily thrown off, and poets turn unconsciously to a nature that is above everything else symbolic and suggestive. Realism, for itself, is considered mere intellectual vulgarity. Not a few haikai portray as truly as Hokusai's *Mirror of the Passing World* series, in the world of prints, phases of the life of Yedo; but a translation into other terms is called for on the part of the reader.

The fishmonger whom I called back just now—ah! the hail has already hidden him.

She wraps up rice cakes with one hand, and with the other brushes back the straggling hair from her eyes.

Ash-smothered coals, and, after a long time, the gruel simmering in the pot!

How hot it is! And this child on one's back playing with one's hair! . . .

It will be noticed that all these, realistic enough in their subject-matter, arouse a certain feeling of emotion. This fishmonger so suddenly swallowed up by the hail, does he not slip through the streets of life into an equal oblivion? This woman mechanically wrapping up rice cakes, this reflection of poverty, of meagre livelihood, and this other woman with the burden of the baby on her back—are they not all part of the mysterious

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allotment of life, which gives " this to one, and that other, quite different, to us "?

Yet the larger part of haikai poetry deals simply with the arrested details of the life of birds, flowers, insects, the moon, the seasons, interpreted delicately in the light of human experience within the narrow compass of seventeen syllables. The custom of introducing a seasonal word, of which there are several hundred, is a part of the symbolic nature of the thought of haikai. The significance of a word is expanded to include all the associated ideas of that word that come under the head of a season. The moon is a seasonal word for autumn, when it is at its brightest; gusty rain belongs with winter; dusk with mid-spring; a shower, with late summer; flowers and birds, with their periods of revival and frequency, and so on down a long list. The importance of the seasonal word is that it strikes the keynote of the sentiment to be expressed; it is like the color tone in painting. The strength and weakness, not only of haikai, but of all Japanese poetry, lie just here: real imagination is sacrificed for a kind of felicitous and suggestive fancy.

As far as any division of haikai can be made, they fall into four classes, though the difference is largely one of degree rather than of kind—pictorial, emotional, conceit-ful and humorous. Haikai of the first type remind one of the modern impressionistic school of painting, or more properly of the Japanese prints themselves, for the craftsmanship is the same. Any one of them might serve as the title of a picture.

But for its voice, the heron would be a line of snow.

A flock of sea-gulls, and an off-shore wind that breaks their patterned flight.

A dragonfly trying in vain to alight on a blade of grass.

A butcher-bird perching on a single post in the desolate field—November!

At the mountain temple is the sound of the grinding of rice in the moonlight.

Others have a subjective note of peculiar charm.

Did it but sing, the butterfly might have to suffer in a cage.

Nothing in the cicada's voice gives token of a speedy death.

If fireflies could but sing! Ah well! their songs would doubtless be but melancholy.

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In the second class come such songs as approach the nearest to any expression of personal feeling, yet it is often necessary to know the circumstances of composition before one can catch the full import. For instance, when one knows that the following little verse was written by the poetess Chiyo on the death of her child, its significance, by reason of its simplicity, rises in value. It reminds one a bit of Blake.

I wonder how far you have gone to-day, chasing after dragonflies!

The next was the death song of one of the most famous of epigrammatists of two hundred years ago.

A leaf whirls down, alackaday! A leaf whirls down upon the wind.

A third has no particular history connected with it, but conveys an impression of secret grief.

Alas! the tears which she held back, answering that the summer heat had made her thin.

And still one more, which is, perhaps, the most perfect of them all.

Granted this dewdrop world is but a dewdrop world,—this granted, yet . . . .

This last was composed by Buson when his only son died, and has back of it a marked influence of the Zen sect of Buddhism, which holds life as a transitory nothing.

Belonging to the category of conceits are a number of happy verses, such as:

Oh! what a fine fan it would make, if we could put a handle to the moon.

The tea-water covering itself up with a lid of ice.

A snowy morning—and everywhere the marks of the "geta," like a figure II.

See the Dutch letters where the wild geese fly in the sky.

(Perhaps it is necessary here to explain that the supports of the wooden geta, or clogs, worn by the Japanese, leave a mark exactly like a figure two, and that the horizontal writing first known

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when the Dutch visited the country excited great curiosity and interest.)

The humorous haikai usually have a mixture of conceit, and consist in a juxtaposition of incongruities.

In the Spring rain, talking familiarly, go a straw rain-coat and an umbrella.

The heartless government office—aye! and the cuckoo.

Enough has been said to give some idea of the nature and content of haikai poetry. That it can never pretend to a place beside the great poetry of the world goes without saying—it is too fragmentary and too trivial in its character. Nevertheless, the genius of Bashō, the greatest of the haikai poets, raised it to a position of worth in native estimation in the seventeenth century, and at least as an original field of expression it is deserving of casual consideration by the Far West.

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OUR MOST BELATED ART

CORA LYMAN

IT is generally assumed that American music is yet unborn—a mere embryo. People do not ask what the spirit of our music *is*, but rather, "What is it *going* to be?" And there seems to be a kind of haunting fear among musicians that unless we "do something quick" in the way of instituting prize composing contests, unearthing old folk songs and conjuring up typically American subjects, our opportunity for creating a really national music will soon have passed away. Europeans are unduly concerned for fear we may not develop our art in exactly the same manner that they have developed theirs. But is this a consummation so devoutly to be desired? Might not a new genesis of art, a new kind of nationality in music be welcome? And is there not a foreshadowing of something of this sort now in America?

Yes, people tacitly admit there is when they say that in Edward MacDowell's works are found for the first time in the history of our musical art, not only a harmonic structure, but a kind of mood and sentiment that is characteristically and idealistically American. But MacDowell was only "one swallow" and could not make a "summer." It will take a good many nests of just such swallows, not to say nightingales, to insure us our permanent art summer, and à propos of this, one feels impelled to ask the people who are in such a desperate hurry for a national music how they can expect to have it before we have an American race? And where in all America can one yet find a real American? The German-American is always remembering his "fatherland," the Irish-American is ever harking back to "old Ireland," and the English-American insists on telling us how they do things "at home." Even those of us who boast of being pre-Revolution arrivals here are still very local and provincial in our patriotism. The New Englander thinks he is the only representative American because his ancestors came over in the Mayflower. The Virginian is sure he is the only aristocratic one because he descended from the nobility of England, while the New Yorker

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just knows he is the super-strenuous one because his forefathers came from brave little Holland. But all this foreign ancestor worship only postpones the American race. We must stop having so many grandfathers and take to having more grandchildren—United States grandchildren—if we ever want to have a United States race and music.

Now, of course, there can never be any question of trying to escape the foreign blood in us, since this blood not only *was* but *is* and *ever will be* in large part foreign. It just continues coming over in shiploads to renew itself and keep us hopelessly mongrel, if one looks at it that way. But, fortunately, sociologists assure us there is a mysterious " melting pot " process, by which these foreign elements are constantly being combined into an amalgam that is as new and different from any one of its constituent parts, as one of our beautiful modern artistic shades of color is different from the plain old reds, greens and yellows that have been mixed to produce it. It is obviously to be inferred that this resultant national product is going to be superior to its constituent elements. So evidently it is not the ancestry itself we need fear, but only that snobbish worship of it that prevents a development of national consciousness and feeling.

The raw material of pedagogy and culture also that comes over in a natural and inevitable way and asks to be a part of us is quite legitimate. Not so the finished product of foreign art-tradition, customs and sources of inspiration which we, as students, bring back in our trunks, so to speak, instead of in our souls. These are about the only imports on which we do not pay duty and the very things on which we ought to pay it, for unless we put a higher protective tariff on our own art-taste and judgment we shall remain a nation of imitators. We are always afraid to pronounce on an American artist, or art work, until Europe has passed upon it. Not until a prima donna has gained sufficient reputation to be able to slap her manager in the face are we sure she is a real genius. However, there are a few hopeful signs that we shall yet break with the muse of European art-dogmatism, as we broke with that obstinate old muse of royal bigotry and " divine righthood," George III.

Meantime there are two much discussed influences on Ameri-

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can music which, trite though the subject be, might be considered from a new point of view. One of these is, of course, the Negro and Indian influence, and the other is our " puritanism."

There has been a tendency among some musicians (largely Europeans) to predict that a fine national music would yet be written on the Indian and Negro themes, while others (largely Americans) have objected to these themes as " foreign and exotic, having no affinity with our national life and feeling." But each of these schools of prophecy, so it appears to some of us, takes hold of the subject in the wrong way. It is always, in their opinion, a question above all else of the *literal themes themselves;* of getting them in somehow, even though they be lugged in by the ears without regard to artistic context and fitness. And what could be more incongruous and undesirable than a pagan Negro or savage Indian theme introduced into a context of cultured, polished Wagnerian harmony, such as Nevin gave us in *Poia?* It would almost seem that if ever a great species of music is written on these melodies, it will have to be done by an Indian or a Negro genius, or by an American peculiarly in sympathy with these races who is not self-consciously trying to create a national music. At least it will have to be a composer who is emancipated from European influence, as MacDowell was to some extent emancipated.

But there is another and quite different way than simply by the appropriation of their themes, in which these races may influence our future music. And by the by, we are now discussing race differences, not merely national ones. We do not expect or want to amalgamate these two alien races as we do the people who are only nationally different from us. But they have been here a long time, the red man much longer than we have and the black man almost as long. We have had more or less dramatic and emotional association with them which we could not have had with any branch of our own race, and we cannot help having been somewhat temperamentally influenced by them even though they are inferior races. The very speaking as well as singing voice of the Southerner, with its suave richness of timbre, proclaims the effect of this association. And there is a certain slow, rhythmic grace of movement; a peculiar taste for

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sweet, poignant melody, a naïve optimism of disposition and a really new species of humor called drollery! All these characteristics of the Negro have been wrought into the Southerner so subtly, by a process of imitative assimilation, that he is not conscious of it himself, though we of other sections can see it plainly. Indeed, the whole institution of slavery itself, with its almost feudal, often kindly and affectionate, relationship between man and master, has added a sort of mediæval and chivalric touch of grace to the Southern character. Out of some such temperamental material as theirs did the Provençals of old create a most beautiful, romantic music and poetry. Oh, the South will yet speak to us, both musically and poetically, in a way it never could have spoken but for its unique experience with this alien race.

On the other hand, it is quite evident that our prim, pious New England ancestors who came West early in the nineteenth century were very much improved by their association with the Indians. We cannot perhaps boast that they ever reached the perfection of the noble red man in tonsorial surgery, but they certainly had to become half savage themselves to keep their own scalps intact. It was not for nothing that they ate and slept for years with guns in hand; that the women learned a stolid endurance and the men a wild courage. What is the whole ensemble of Western character, with its toughness, hardness, and lawlessness of fibre; what is our notorious Western and Southern habit of lynching and burning each other, but a survival and record of our association with these savage people, or with the conditions which they made? It is true these are much criticised characteristics of ours, of which we must rid ourselves if we wish to attain to any degree of national righteousness, of racial refinement and culture, but nevertheless these qualities are evidences of a real splendor of power and passion in us that ought to make good sometime, somehow, for art. All this is no more nor less savage material than that which went to the making of old Greek drama, nor than that which furnished Wagner his subjects for operas.

And so it comes about that a MacDowell can write an Indian suite and put the atmosphere of the plains and the wigwam, as well as the Indian themes, into it, whereas a Dvorak and Puc-

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cini for all their garnering of Negro and Indian melodies and rhythms can never write a real New World symphony or opera. The very idea of Puccini, Latin in every fibre of him, trying to deal with an idea which only the children of the sturdy old American pioneer can ever in any sense understand and put into art!

Then, as to our "puritanism," artists and musicians are always deploring that it has had such a "deadening effect on our emotions and imagination." And it is true that at first it seemed rather a bigoted and fanatical old faith. But in its higher evolution, or rather, in its practical issue, it has become a really clarifying moral influence to us as a nation. Yes, doubtless, most people would admit that it has been a clarifying, moral power, but we mean to claim more than that for it; to insist that it has been a great idealizing and art-inspiring influence. Why, "puritanism" was a passionate and poetic handling of the spirit of austerity and simplicity. There was something Dantesque in it, a Thomas à Kempis quality. People who had the fervid courage to compose and sing daily such songs as this:

> **"Eternal plagues and heavy chains,**
> **Tormenting racks and fiery coals,**
> **And darts t' inflict immortal wounds**
> **Dipt in the blood of damned souls"——**

People, we say, who could daily sing with enthusiasm such incandescent hymn tunes as this could hardly be accused of lacking *warm* feeling and vivid imagination.

Seriously, though, where will one find a more poetic fancy than in Hawthorne, who houses this quality in a soul almost ascetically puritan? And what sweeter and more beautiful spirit of national feeling was ever embodied in verse than in that of the Quaker poet, Whittier? And where do they all come from,—Lowell, Longfellow, Holmes, Bryant, Emerson, Thoreau, and Howells,—but from puritan New England? In the West and South we have had fewer writers, yet Bret Harte of California and George W. Cable of Louisiana have known how to paint most poignantly and picturesquely in local colors.

But whether the author be a New Englander or a man

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from the North, West or South, there is always noticeable in the American writer of the first class a certain poise and restraint of manner, a meticulous choice of subject, an inability to tear a passion to tatters, or to reduce life and character to its lowest terms, that is nothing if not puritan in the finest and most poetic sense of that word. It is not claimed, of course, that we have yet reached the great genius stage of our literary development, but whatever the faults or disabilities of our writers, they certainly have not been such as result from lack of emotion or imagination.

And is it not probable that what has been true of our literature will also be true of our other arts? MacDowell's genius, we believe, may be said to be at least two-thirds puritan. One wishes the other third were a bit pagan or savage, but it isn't. It is properly European. MacDowell had the *handicap* as well as *advantage* of being an Easterner. The East is too close a neighbor to Europe to be ever wholly emancipated from it, so, of course, this great composer has not been able to say the last word in New World music. But he has said the first word and a very beautiful word it is. The distinguishing quality of MacDowell's Americanism in art is its freedom from that morbidness, sensuousness, and intellectual rioting which pervades the music of Tschaikowsky, Strauss, and Debussy. In fact, there is hardly a European composer of the nineteenth century in whose music there is not an emotional sultriness as of the moment before the storm, unless like Beethoven's it is the storm centre itself. But MacDowell's musical moods are those of the moment after the storm when the atmosphere is sane. There is the voice in his harmonies of the athletic soul crying, "It is good to be alive!"

Oh! it took an American tone poet, after all, to show us that music could express a lovely, impersonal, spiritual sort of passion, without verging on the "eroticism, neuroticism and tommyroticism" of much modern European art. "Are we indissolubly wedded to German musical idiom?" asks a critic. "No," we might well reply, "MacDowell has already divorced us from it." His new musical moods called for a new musical manner, a more consonant, diatonic and newly cadenced manner, with crisp

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new idioms of rhythm and a more delicately tinted imagery. You will never characterize his music as some one did that of another composer's—"Play me that scarlet thing of Dvorak's," said he. MacDowell does not deal in *scarlet music*. His colors are golden and deep or grey and tender.

It is not going too far, then, we think, to predict that this new manner and style of MacDowell's will be to some extent the manner and style of future American composers. The technique of this new music will not, perhaps, glitter with the jewelled embellishments of Liszt, nor glow with the gorgeous harmonic color of Wagner. Its Americanism will not necessarily be bound to a folk-song basis, nor pledged to an exploitation of American subjects alone. Its nationality will probably be emphasized, rather, by the *method of handling the material* than by the choice of material itself.

The East, we admit, has probably said the first word in American music, but when the half-gods go and the gods arrive, the last word will be said by a genius born and bred to the whole United States, especially bred to the West; whose inspiration will have in it, *must have in it,* not only the clarity and idealism of New England, not only the warmth and color of the South, not only an echo of wild pioneer life, but something picturesque which has come from moods struck forth by the rugged grandeur of the Rockies, the rush of Western rivers, the broad sweep of the plains and the strange spell of the desert. Does anyone think all this will not count as much for inspiration as stories of illicit love and crime, such as *Salome* and *Electra?* What was it made Schubert the greatest song writer and Wagner the greatest lyric dramatist? What is it gives birth to that mysterious potent thing called melody, which no man, even though he be a past master in the science of tone-building, can create by merely taking thought? Why, *poetic imagination* first, last, and all the time!

What is the part, then, of the American people in hastening the coming of a great American music?

There can be no doubt of the basic work to be done. It is to rouse in the public, especially in young Americans, a higher poetic and æsthetic sense than they now have. Music, more

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than any of the arts, is a social product. Not only do the folk, patriotic and religious songs spring largely from the masses, but it is the sombre, serious, devout, or humorous moods of the people themselves that at last filter through the personality of a Tschaikowsky, Chopin, or Grieg, into a Pathetique symphony, a B flat minor sonata, or a Peer Gynt suite. Maurice Hewlett asks pertinently: "How is an artist to make a masterpiece unless the public makes half of it?" Someone has written an interesting and suggestive essay in which he shows how absolutely necessary to a composer is a nation of "creative listeners"; that as a concert audience makes or mars the song or sonata by giving out or withholding sympathy and appreciation, so does the vast national audience make possible or impossible a great creative musician.

One wonders sometimes whether the Italian or German really has more intrinsic taste and talent for music than the American. Isn't it rather that very much the same kind of individual taste and talent in these foreign artists is raised to the *n* th power by a public that has a much keener beauty sense than the American public has? We Americans are ambitious to be musical, largely because we do not want other nations to beat us in any way. So we work zealously to establish symphony orchestras and local opera; we build fine conservatories and pay the highest prices for teachers; we bribe all the great artists away from Europe in the height of the season and send them home with their pockets full, to proclaim loudly that America is now really a greater musical nation than Italy or Germany. It reminds one of the small boy who always swears allegiance to the person who gives him the biggest piece of gingerbread.

The opinion of these artists is, of course, based almost entirely on the enthusiastic and cultured audiences that applauded them in New York, Boston, Chicago, and St. Louis. But the musicians and teachers scattered about here and there in the country and in the small towns, who are doing their best to bring about the musical millennium, know that the great masses of American people do not yet care for, or understand, the best music. This has been quite inevitable. We have been too busy building a nation since 1776 to give much attention to the arts.

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So, in spite of great potential musical material and taste, lying fallow, this strenuous nation-building has engendered some serious faults of temperament which we shall have to eliminate before we can become a great musical people.

One of these faults of temperament is our chronic fear of being sentimental (perhaps that's because we *are* sentimental). We are very uncomfortable, especially the business man, brought up on the newspaper, in the atmosphere of the sublime. Really, our growing passion for common sense is rather appalling. One fears we shall yet fall down and worship it, as the Israelites did the golden calf. As a result of this passion for the "practical," we are in the habit of decrying "high flown" language on the stage or platform. No one dares, nowadays, to be the least bit rhetorical or eloquent for fear of being accused of "over doing." In consequence of this public attitude, the American stage has gone to seed on worthless plays and musical comedy, and we are now organizing a drama league to reform it. The great literary dramas are no longer read because we have become a nation of fiction devourers. Most men and many women find poetry deadly dull; the majority of high school young men and women are ashamed to admit that they like poetry even if they do.

And how little moved are most American people by a great picture unless it has an obvious "story" in it! How little moved and how greatly shocked are some good folks, even yet, by a copy of the beautiful Venus de Milo or the Apollo Belvedere! An overplus here, perhaps, of puritan influence.

Another national fault is our overdone sense of humor. Humor is of course one of the æsthetic emotions, but it is so only by virtue of its appropriateness. We ought to know that the comic is only permissible when it does not stand in the way of higher things. But where is the typical American who can resist his joke at the expense of much higher things? We are all largely Mark Twain-ized in this respect.

To cure this dear old America of ours of its complaint of ultra-common sense, it is necessary that art, poetry, and a love of the beautiful should compete much more strongly than they do with politics and big business. One is almost moved

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to say that we shall never be a musical country until we stop building skyscrapers and asking of every proposed plan for fostering art and the higher culture, " Will it pay? " We have yet to learn that there is much more to be gotten out of this naughty world by one beauty thrill than by a dozen duty chills. Only, of course, the thrill must go more than skin deep, more than sense deep, if it is to be anything but a barren thrill. We seldom do anything worth while save from one of these beautiful impulses. Do you suppose any of those splendid religious martyrs ever went willingly to the stake for the sake of cold duty? Do not think so meanly of him! He was, depend upon it, so filled to overflowing with the sublime beauty of his belief and the glory of dying for it that he gave himself willingly, almost joyously. If anyone will read carefully the lives of the great composers, he will find there was never one of them who wrote a great piece of music without this sense of the higher beauty.

It is our imperative duty, then, as good Americans, to create out of the younger generations (it is too late now to do much for the grown-ups) a nation of creative listeners with this higher beauty sense, and when that is done, the question of a great national composer and a great national music will take care of itself.

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WOMAN

CHRISTIAN GAUSS

THIS is recorded in the Book of Life,—
And mournfully her white lips syllabled
The bitter words that gleamed upon the page,—
" One that had died while living, and now dead
Would vainly live the sweet life of the world,
A woman,—" and she wept, while blessèd souls
And two and two passed on to Paradise.

Leaning against the outer wall of heaven,
She hid her eyes and wept into her hands,
And when the sobs had slackened, thus she spoke,—

" I had not seen him for unnumbered hours;
Now one day more was waning toward the eve
And my foiled thoughts were praying for the stars,
Vainly for some vague thing that cannot help,
As after a lost battle through the hush
Neglected hosts of the defeated dead
Crave the cool falling of the evening dew.
I was resolved this night of his farewell,—
Would he but come!—I was indeed resolved,
No more at last should guilty silence lie
A waveless Acheron 'twixt sundered souls,—
Yet was fear stronger than my woman's will.

I do remember how the sun had sunk
In clouds of gilded umber; solemnly
Day faded into darkness and the moon
Climbed from her curtained East, until serene
The sombre heavens unfolded. Then I heard,—
How sweet the steps of lovers through the night!—
And as I leaned to listen, hark! O hark!
The stars were breaking through the dark like sounds,
And my heart echoed as he trod, until

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Sudden he stood beside me. Yet once more
The silence rose like a resistless flood.
I did not smile nor take the proffered hand,—
My guilty love hath been the love withheld.—
He brought me dewy-cool the gift of June,
One rose and I,—I took it wordlessly,—
But when unblessed he passed into the world
His love for me had made a lonely place,
I 'gainst my aching breast in hunger strained
Her softness and her thorns, till drops of blood
Paled in the flush of that diviner bloom.
Then in bleak morning when the light had left
God's stars in darkness and my heart in pain
Intolerable, I found an argent jar
To hold my wounded blossom for a while.

There crimson petals o'er that silver rim
Fell all day long, one slowly after one
Resounding through my sorrow, till at last
My loud room echoed with that fallen red
And called my silence coward, whose traitor lips
Had still refused to shape that blessed word
His life had prayed for and his eyes implored,
And who had gone where I'd behold his face
No more forever while my lips were red.

Yea, from that rose's wasted life the soul
Of summer sang to me, I knew indeed
I loved him from that flower; e'en now I hear
The lark song o'er the meadows where it grew.

Surely I knew it and my heart was glad,
Yet my blind incommunicable soul
Offered no sign. I was a woman then.

"Tell him!" she turned unto the gates once more,—
"Tell him!" she called to souls that wandered by;
"My heart aches with the long unuttered word,
Tell him, O pilgrims!" and she spoke with tears.

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LAFCADIO HEARN

F. HADLAND DAVIS

IT is probable that more books have been written about Japan than any other country, but few will deny that out of that vast accumulation of publications the work of Lafcadio Hearn is pre-eminent. When we survey his twelve books devoted to the study of the Land of the Gods—from those first glowing impressions in *Glimpses of Unfamiliar Japan* to his critical masterpiece *Japan: An Interpretation,* we are conscious of having come in touch with one who has not only told us more about Japan than any other writer, but who has at the same time presented his material in a rich, poetic and sensitive style that is haunting and irresistible in its charm. Hearn has been described as a sentimentalist and as one who never mastered the Japanese language. Certain people have taken objection to his attitude toward Christianity. Others have lamented that he was too much under the influence of Herbert Spencer; but the fact remains that, whatever his faults may have been, he is the supreme interpreter of Japan, and his work, with all its rapture and ghostliness, will never be superseded.

I am not likely to forget the day when a friend of mine introduced *Kokoro* to my notice. That book was a revelation to me, and I lost no time in reading everything Hearn had written about Japan and nearly everything that has been written about him. I am inclined to agree with Mr. Yone Noguchi when he observes that "you must have another Hearn to understand Lafcadio Hearn." His character was so sensitive, so wayward, so eerie, so child-like, so wrapped about with mystery that no one so far has been able to describe him with any degree of completeness. We can fathom his genius to a certain extent, but the man himself we do not know, and I doubt if we shall ever get nearer to him than in Mrs. Hearn's wonderfully poignant reminiscences of her husband. Even these reminiscences are illusive, for we only catch a glimpse of this shy, fleeting figure. As a rule we go to a man's letters if we desire to know him intimately; but Hearn's letters, full of charm as they are, tell us little or nothing about

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his personality. They are only intimate so far as they reveal Hearn the writer. He is chiefly concerned in writing about his work or his reading, and he does so with such minute detail, with such frank enthusiasm and such penetrating criticism, that we are able to realize the influences that so considerably helped to mould his tense, delicate style. No letters have hitherto appeared that so illuminate the inner workings of the literary mind.

Miss Elizabeth Bisland, in her *Life and Letters of Lafcadio Hearn,* writes very little about the mulatto girl and Voodoo priestess incidents in Hearn's career. They are not savory subjects, certainly, but at the same time they cannot be dismissed as "legends." Hearn was not a saint. He had his moral lapses; but if we would go more deeply into the matter we should discover that these lapses were not after all inconsistent. Hearn was not born in advance of his time. He was one of the few great writers who cast no prophetic beam into the future. What he did was to illuminate the past—the Japanese past. He was extraordinarily primitive; not Bohemian, but pagan. He softly crept out of the way of civilization whenever it was possible to do so. Hearn had certain savage instincts trained to exquisite delicacy by his love of Romantic French literature; but such influences could never crush out his primitive desires—his love of tropical nights, his abnormal development of the purely sensuous. He was an exotic dreamer, a wanderer in search of the Beautiful; and in the quest he was touched and thrilled by many weird and ugly things. He saw all the color of fruits and metals in the human skin, and we are not surprised to find that he gave preference to "the smooth, velvety black skin that remains cold as a lizard under the tropical sun."

There are those who consider that Lafcadio Hearn at the last was disillusioned in regard to Japan. This is only partly true. Hearn stood for the spirit of Old Japan, and he loved it and understood it far better than the Japanese themselves. He was entirely disillusioned in regard to New Japan. There were occasions when Hearn, usually so mild and gentle, could be almost excessively petulant. He did not hesitate to denounce the many innovations due to Western influence. He was con-

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demning only a feeble and ugly hybrid, not the original stock. He wrote: "I detest with unspeakable detestations the frank selfishness, the apathetic vanity, the shallow, vulgar scepticism of the New Japan, the New Japan that prates its contempt about Tempo times, and ridicules the dear old men of the pre-meiji era, and that never smiles, having a heart as hollow and bitter as a dried lemon." Hearn expressed himself strongly, but probably for very good reasons, and we must not forget that his denunciation of the New is at the same time a vigorous acclamation of the Old. The Japanese type that was forever aping the West and pressing forward with feverish haste and a blush for the noble past was hateful to Hearn. He wanted Japan to stand still, to worship her old gods and not to forget the might of her ancestors, to be always quaintly superstitious. He wanted the opalescent mists of the mountains, and not the noisome smoke of factory chimneys. He kept in his heart—in his dreams, if you will—all that was beautiful, picturesque and lovable about Japan. To attempt to destroy these ancient and hallowed charms was an act of vandalism that he could not endure silently. That usually gentle, timid soul cried out then, cried out against the missionary "beasts," against officialdom, and against the majority of young Japanese men, of whom he wrote: "There will be no hearts after a time; Waterbury watches will be substituted instead. These will be cheap and cold, but will keep up a tolerably regular ticking." I think Hearn would have indorsed the following old Chinese law: "Let him who says anything new, or him who shall invent anything new, be put to death." There are, no doubt, many matter-of-fact people who would describe Hearn as a fanatic, and altogether impossible in a world that for all his dreaming happens to move along pretty quickly. But for the thousands of matter-of-fact people who must, to save their precious souls, call black and white by their right names (and in the process miss all the beauties of the colors proper), there are only a few who are wise enough to catch and retain, not the fever of advance or the madness of choking civilization, but the beauty of the past, the beauty of the world when it was young. Hearn has not been fully appreciated in Japan at present. Armaments, commerce, loans, agriculture, the latest science,

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are now occupying her attention. A time will come, however, when Japan will honor her greatest interpreter—but that time is not yet.

Can we in any way account for Hearn's delicate, sensuous and ghostly style? I can suggest two possible, but by no means exhaustive, reasons—viz., his birth and the fact that he suffered from myopia. This method of procedure rather savors of chemical analysis, only in this particular case we know the salt is called genius, and we work back, on quite unscientific lines, to try and find some of the factors in producing it. Hearn's parentage was interesting. He had Greek and Romany blood in his veins. The Greek accounted for his unquenchable love of the beautiful in everything he saw, combined with an almost equal love of the horrible; and the Romany for the fact that he was one of the world's wanderers.

I attach, in common with Dr. G. M. Gould, even more importance to the fact of Hearn's defective vision. He saw everything about him in a microscopic way—and notice at this point the love of little things so characteristic of the Japanese people. Hearn's limited vision affected his mental outlook, in which color and remembrance were the dominant factors. It is more than probable that this lack of ordinary human vision quickened an inner power within him and accounted to a certain extent for the morbid strain in his character. The Biblical phrase, "I see men as trees walking," would not have applied to Hearn. He would have said, "I see men as ghosts walking." At this point he would have fallen back on Buddhism. He would have said that he was conscious of the memory of billions of ghosts, all of which he had been at one time or another in the great revolving wheel of the Universe. We need not follow him here. Suffice it to say that Hearn's Greek and Romany descent, and his suffering from myopia, have left their mark upon his work; they have sketched out, as it were, the rough outline long before he went to Japan.

Hearn, like all great stylists, had a reverence for words, only with him the reverence amounted to ecstasy. He wrote: "For me words have color, form, character; they have faces, ports, manners, gesticulations; they have moods, humors, eccentricities;

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they have tints, tones, personalities." Glamour was the *motif* of all Hearn wrote. When his Japanese wife told him a story, Hearn always wanted to know precisely the conditions of nature at the time the incidents mentioned in the narrative occurred. A grey sky or a blue sky, silence or shrieking wind, blossom or snow on the trees, seemed in some curious way to put him in touch with his subject. Take away these all-important preliminary effects, and you would immediately take away all Hearn's creative faculty. Once Hearn was really moved by some enchanting color, some horror or something infinitely quaint and pathetic, out would come his pen, and the more he was stirred the greater was the magic he left upon his paper. Intense beauty always produced sadness in Hearn's work, because that which is supremely beautiful is akin to tears. Nearly everything he wrote was stamped, ever so faintly, with what the Japanese call *mono no aware wo shiru,* " the ah-ness of things."

Many have condemned Lafcadio Hearn because he wrote bitterly, petulantly, and always with prejudice in regard to Christianity. Over and over again we have had cause to regret that one who could write so beautifully about Buddha in *Out of the East,* and so tenderly and hauntingly concerning Jizō in *Glimpses of Unfamiliar Japan,* should think it worth while to pour forth invectives against Christianity and against those who stood for that faith.

In studying Hearn, however, we must always bear in mind his hypersensitiveness. We all know how susceptible the character of a child is, and how important it is that the growing, eager, questioning mind should have the right kind of influences. Hearn as a boy was unfortunate in his religious upbringing. His early training in a Jesuit college had fostered hate and not love. Those in authority over him did not understand that the boy who had an indescribable horror of the Holy Ghost could not be driven toward Christ and a knowledge of Him. The Jesuits drove Hearn along with the best intentions, but the result in his case was disastrous. Their insistence led to revolt and laid the foundation, not only of bitterness against the Roman Church, but of a pitiable misconception of Christianity itself, the teaching of Christ, independent of creed or dogma.

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I am not defending Hearn's religious views, for I regret his intolerance and prejudice, but I do insist, most emphatically, that this fascinating writer, when we remember his curiously wrought temperament, had a very pitiable reason for his attack upon Christianity. I am convinced that Hearn's early religious training hardened his heart and distorted his view in regard to things spiritual to the last. He never realized Christ, never even touched the border of His garment. To Hearn Christ was obscured by not very worthy representatives of His teachings. This interpreter of Japan wrote in one of his letters: "Christianity while professing to be a religion of love has always seemed to me in history and practice a religion of hate, with its jealous and revengeful Deity, its long record of religious wars and inquisitions, and its mutual reproaches between sects of being under the curse of eternal perdition." Hearn had the misfortune to come in contact with the Pecksniffian type on the one hand, and on the other the fanatical type addicted to proselytizing with more zest than real spiritual insight. He saw Christianity in the making, and was so eager in condemning the Inquisition and the petty striving of one sect to oust another that he failed to grasp the great teaching of the Master Himself.

I believe that Lafcadio Hearn, in spite of his unorthodox views, was essentially religious, and his profound love of the beautiful fostered the spirit of reverence in certain directions. He became an ardent Buddhist, and, in common with Sir Edwin Arnold, Fielding-Hall, the late Sister Nivedita, and a few other writers, he has given us a tender and exquisite interpretation of the Lord Buddha. "A true gentleman respects *all* religions," wrote Hearn in one of his letters to a Japanese friend. But alas! he did not carry out this excellent precept. Too often, the bitter past rankling in his mind, he idealized Buddhism at the expense of Christianity.

Hearn's attitude in regard to Christianity is well summed up in the following: "I can't dissociate the thing called Christianity from all my life's experiences of hypocrisy, and cruelty, and villainy—from conventional wickedness and conventional dreariness and ugliness and dirty austerities and long faces and Jesuitry and infamous distortion of children's brains. My experiences

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have been too heavily weighted with all this to allow me to be just. I can't." In this frank confession we should find it in our hearts to pity rather than to condemn Hearn. It was his misfortune to find a very poor and distorted form of Christianity, full of the corruption of mediævalism. He found Buddha, but he did not find Christ. Sir Edwin Arnold, in his *Light of Asia,* wrote a great, moving classic because he was fully alive to the poetry and majesty of the theme. When, however, he tried to write, in *The Light of the World,* an epic dealing with the Life of Christ, he produced a book that was not alive with the burning fire of inspiration, and it is a book that we shall soon forget to read. We are, though not in like measure, grateful to Hearn for his study of Buddhism, and in the light of his early and most unfortunate training, we must pardon his perverse attitude toward Christianity.

Hearn loved his wife, the gentle and tactful Koizumi, "Little Spring," in his own quiet way. On one occasion, when he was writing in bed, his wife, after repeated efforts to remain awake, failed to keep her eyes open. In the morning she apologized for being so rude as to go to sleep before her lord! Although Hearn endeavored to check her abject humility, I do not think he could have married a woman of any other nation. He was a man who may not have openly resented anything in the way of feminine tyranny or neglect; but such shortcomings would, nevertheless, have pierced his soul and stilled his song, even as the note of that little insect in *Kottō* was hushed into the silence of death. Hearn lived in a garden of soft-colored flowers, and when the petals fluttered to the ground it was not the wind that carried them to their last brown resting-place, but the invisible hands of little ghosts.

Mrs. Hearn, in describing her husband's room after his death, departs from the Japanese method of merely suggesting. She portrays that peaceful abode with its little shrine, its desk, its company of much-loved books, with all the detail of a Dutch painter. We seem to see Hearn's children creeping into this room when night comes in order to say to his bas-relief, "Papa San, good night; happy dreams!" Perhaps Hearn's ghost replies, as the man himself used to reply when he sat in his brown

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robe curled up on cushions, "Have a good dream!" When there is silence in the room, and when his wife and family have gone to rest, it may be that his spirit-fingers touch the offering or turn the page of a book, that his eyes peer into the pictures of the flaming god Fudō.

Hearn knew how to transmute words into gold. He stood ever for the beautiful in literary art, and if he has seen fit to condemn the New Japan, he was never for one moment disillusioned in regard to the Old. He wrote: "Then I stopped thinking. For I saw my home—and the lights of its household gods—and my boy stretching out his hands to me—and all the simple charm and love of Old Japan. And the fairy-world seized my soul again, very softly and sweetly—as a child might a butterfly." That is our last remembrance of Lafcadio Hearn, for it was from such thoughts as these that he dreamed his dream, called up to a weary and cynical and hustling world the ghostly magic of the Land of the Gods.

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THE POST OFFICE

RABINDRANATH TAGORE

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

MADHAV
AMAL, his adopted child
SUDHA, a little flower girl
THE DOCTOR
DAIRYMAN
WATCHMAN
GAFFER
VILLAGE HEADMAN, a bully
KING'S HERALD
ROYAL PHYSICIAN

ACT I

[*Madhav's House*]

MADHAV. What a state I am in! Before he came, nothing mattered; I felt so free. But now that he has come, goodness knows from where, my heart is filled with his dear self, and my home will be no home to me when he leaves. Doctor, do you think he——

PHYSICIAN. If there's life in his fate, then he will live long. But what the medical scriptures say, it seems——

MADHAV. Great heavens, what?

PHYSICIAN. The scriptures have it: "Bile or palsy, cold or gout spring all alike."

MADHAV. Oh, get along, don't fling your scriptures at me; you only make me more anxious; tell me what I can do.

PHYSICIAN. [*Taking snuff*] The patient needs the most scrupulous care.

MADHAV. That's true; but tell me how.

PHYSICIAN. I have already mentioned, on no account must he be let out of doors.

MADHAV. Poor child, it is very hard to keep him indoors all day long.

PHYSICIAN. What else can you do? The autumn sun and the damp are both very bad for the little fellow—for the scriptures have it:

> "In wheezing, swoon or in nervous fret,
> In jaundice or leaden eyes——"

MADHAV. Never mind the scriptures, please. Eh, then we must shut the poor thing up. Is there no other method?

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PHYSICIAN. None at all: for, "In the wind and in the sun——"

MADHAV. What will your "in this and in that" do for me now? Why don't you let them alone and come straight to the point? What's to be done then? Your system is very, very hard for the poor boy; and he is so quiet too with all his pain and sickness. It tears my heart to see him wince, as he takes your medicine.

PHYSICIAN. The more he winces, the surer is the effect. That's why the sage Chyabana observes: "In medicine as in good advices, the least palatable ones are the truest." Ah, well! I must be trotting now. [*Exit*]

[*Gaffer enters*]

MADHAV. Well, I'm jiggered, there's Gaffer now.

GAFFER. Why, why, I won't bite you.

MADHAV. No, but you are a devil to send children off their heads.

GAFFER. But you aren't a child, and you've no child in the house; why worry then?

MADHAV. Oh, but I have brought a child into the house.

GAFFER. Indeed, how so?

MADHAV. You remember how my wife was dying to adopt a child?

GAFFER. Yes, but that's an old story; you didn't like the idea.

MADHAV. You know, brother, how hard all this getting money in has been. That somebody else's child would sail in and waste all this money earned with so much trouble— Oh, I hated the idea. But this boy clings to my heart in such a queer sort of way——

GAFFER. So that's the trouble! and your money goes all for him and feels jolly lucky it does go at all.

MADHAV. Formerly, earning was a sort of passion with me; I simply couldn't help working for money. Now, I make money and as I know it is all for this dear boy, earning becomes a joy to me.

GAFFER. Ah, well, and where did you pick him up?

MADHAV. He is the son of a man who was a brother to my wife by village ties. He has had no mother since infancy; and now the other day he lost his father as well.

GAFFER. Poor thing: and so he needs me all the more.

MADHAV. The doctor says all the organs of his little body are at loggerheads with each other, and there isn't much hope for his life. There is only one way to save him and that is to keep him out of this autumn wind and sun. But you are such a terror! What with this game of yours at your age, too, to get children out of doors!

GAFFER. God bless my soul! So I'm already as bad as autumn wind and sun, eh! But, friend, I know something, too, of the game of keeping them indoors. When my day's work is over I am coming in to make friends with this child of yours. [*Exit*]

[*Amal enters*]

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AMAL. Uncle, I say, Uncle!
MADHAV. Hullo! Is that you, Amal?
AMAL. Mayn't I be out of the courtyard at all?
MADHAV. No, my dear, no.
AMAL. See, there where Auntie grinds lentils in the quirn, the squirrel is sitting with his tail up and with his wee hands he's picking up the broken grains of lentils and crunching them. Can't I run up there?
MADHAV. No, my darling, no.
AMAL. Wish I were a squirrel!—it would be lovely. Uncle, why won't you let me go about?
MADHAV. Doctor says it's bad for you to be out.
AMAL. How can the doctor know?
MADHAV. What a thing to say! The doctor can't know and he reads such huge books!
AMAL. Does his book-learning tell him everything?
MADHAV. Of course, don't you know!
AMAL. [*With a sigh*] Ah, I am so stupid! I don't read books.
MADHAV. Now, think of it; very, very learned people are all like you; they are never out of doors.
AMAL. Aren't they really?
MADHAV. No, how can they? Early and late they toil and moil at their books, and they've eyes for nothing else. Now, my little man, you are going to be learned when you grow up; and then you will stay at home and read such big books, and people will notice you and say, "he's a wonder."
AMAL. No, no, Uncle; I beg of you by your dear feet—I don't want to be learned, I won't.
MADHAV. Dear, dear; it would have been my saving if I could have been learned.
AMAL. No, I would rather go about and see everything that there is.
MADHAV. Listen to that! See! What will you see, what is there so much to see?
AMAL. See that far-away hill from our window—I often long to go beyond those hills and right away.
MADHAV. Oh, you silly! As if there's nothing more to be done but just get up to the top of that hill and away! Eh! You don't talk sense, my boy. Now listen, since that hill stands there upright as a barrier, it means you can't get beyond it. Else, what was the use in heaping up so many large stones to make such a big affair of it, eh!
AMAL. Uncle, do you think it is meant to prevent your crossing over? It seems to me because the earth can't speak it raises its hands into the sky and beckons. And those who live far and sit alone by their windows can see the signal. But I suppose the learned people——
MADHAV. No, they don't have time for that sort of nonsense. They are not crazy like you.

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AMAL. Do you know, yesterday I met some one quite as crazy as I am.
MADHAV. Gracious me, really, how so?
AMAL. He had a bamboo staff on his shoulder with a small bundle at the top, and a brass pot in his left hand, and an old pair of shoes on; he was making for those hills straight across that meadow there. I called out to him and asked, "Where are you going?" He answered, "I don't know, anywhere!" I asked again, "Why are you going?" He said, "I'm going out to seek work." Say, Uncle, have you to seek work?
MADHAV. Of course I have to. There's many about looking for jobs.
AMAL. How lovely! I'll go about, like them too, finding things to do.
MADHAV. Suppose you seek and don't find. Then——
AMAL. Wouldn't that be jolly? Then I should go farther! I watched that man slowly walking on with his pair of worn out shoes. And when he got to where the water flows under the fig tree, he stopped and washed his feet in the stream. Then he took out from his bundle some gram-flour, moistened it with water and began to eat. Then he tied up his bundle and shouldered it again; tucked up his cloth above his knees and crossed the stream. I've asked Auntie to let me go up to the stream, and eat my gram-flour just like him.
MADHAV. And what did your auntie say to that?
AMAL. Auntie said, "Get well and then I'll take you over there." Please, Uncle, when shall I get well?
MADHAV. It won't be long, dear.
AMAL. Really, but then I shall go right away the moment I'm well again.
MADHAV. And where will you go?
AMAL. Oh, I will walk on, crossing so many streams, wading through water. Everybody will be asleep with their doors shut in the heat of the day and I will tramp on and on seeking work far, very far.
MADHAV. I see! I think you had better be getting well first; then——
AMAL. But then you won't want me to be learned, will you, Uncle?
MADHAV. What would you rather be then?
AMAL. I can't think of anything just now; but I'll tell you later on.
MADHAV. Very well. But mind you, you aren't to call out and talk to strangers again.
AMAL. But I love to talk to strangers!
MADHAV. Suppose they had kidnapped you?
AMAL. That would have been splendid! But no one ever takes me away. They all want me to stay in here.
MADHAV. I am off to my work—but, darling, you won't go out, will you?
AMAL. No, I won't. But, Uncle, you'll let me be in this room by the roadside.

[*Exit Madhav*]

DAIRYMAN. Curds, curds, good nice curds.
AMAL. Curdseller, I say, Curdseller!

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DAIRYMAN. Why do you call me? Will you buy some curds?
AMAL. How can I buy? I have no money.
DAIRYMAN. What a boy! Why call out then? Ugh! What a waste of time.
AMAL. I would go with you if I could.
DAIRYMAN. With me?
AMAL. Yes, I seem to feel homesick when I hear you call from far down the road.
DAIRYMAN. [*Lowering his yoke-pole*] Whatever are you doing here, my child?
AMAL. The doctor says I'm not to be out, so I sit here all day long.
DAIRYMAN. My poor child, whatever has happened to you?
AMAL. I can't tell. You see I am not learned, so I don't know what's the matter with me. Say, Dairyman, where do you come from?
DAIRYMAN. From our village.
AMAL. Your village? Is it very far?
DAIRYMAN. Our village lies on the river Shamli at the foot of the Panch-mura hills.
AMAL. Panch-mura hills! Shamli river! I wonder. I may have seen your village. I can't think when though!
DAIRYMAN. Have you seen it? Been to the foot of those hills?
AMAL. Never. But I seem to remember having seen it. Your village is under some very old big trees, just by the side of the red road—isn't that so?
DAIRYMAN. That's right, child.
AMAL. And on the slope of the hill cattle grazing.
DAIRYMAN. How wonderful! Aren't there cattle grazing in our village! Indeed, there are!
AMAL. And your women with red sarees fill their pitchers from the river and carry them on their heads.
DAIRYMAN. Good, that's right. Women from our dairy village do come and draw their water from the river; but then it isn't everyone who has a red saree to put on. But, my dear child, surely you must have been there for a walk some time.
AMAL. Really, Dairyman, never been there at all. But the first day doctor lets me go out, you are going to take me to your village.
DAIRYMAN. I will, my child, with pleasure.
AMAL. And you'll teach me to cry curds and shoulder the yoke like you and walk the long, long road?
DAIRYMAN. Dear, dear, did you ever! Why should you sell curds? No, you will read big books and be learned.
AMAL. No, I never want to be learned—I'll be like you and take my curds from the village by the red road near the old banyan tree, and I will hawk it from cottage to cottage. Oh, how do you cry—" Curd, curd, good nice curd! " Teach me the tune, will you?

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DAIRYMAN. Dear, dear, teach you the tune; what an idea!
AMAL. Please do. I love to hear it. I can't tell you how queer I feel when I hear you cry out from the bend of that road, through the line of those trees! Do you know I feel like that when I hear the shrill cry of kites from almost the end of the sky?
DAIRYMAN. Dear child, will you have some curds? Yes, do.
AMAL. But I have no money.
DAIRYMAN. No, no, no, don't talk of money! You'll make me so happy if you have a little curds from me.
AMAL. Say, have I kept you too long?
DAIRYMAN. Not a bit; it has been no loss to me at all; you have taught me how to be happy selling curds. [*Exit*]
AMAL. [*Intoning*] Curds, curds, good nice curds—from the dairy village—from the country of the Panch-mura hills by the Shamli bank. Curds, good curds; in the early morning the women make the cows stand in a row under the trees and milk them, and in the evening they turn the milk into curds. Curds, good curds. Hello, there's the watchman on his rounds. Watchman, I say, come and have a word with me.
WATCHMAN. What's all this row you are making? Aren't you afraid of the likes of me?
AMAL. No, why should I be?
WATCHMAN. Suppose I march you off then?
AMAL. Where will you take me to? Is it very far, right beyond the hills?
WATCHMAN. Suppose I march you straight to the King?
AMAL. To the King! Do, will you? But the doctor won't let me go out. No one can ever take me away. I've got to stay here all day long.
WATCHMAN. Doctor won't let you, poor fellow! So I see! Your face is pale and there are dark rings round your eyes. Your veins stick out from your poor thin hands.
AMAL. Won't you sound the gong, Watchman?
WATCHMAN. Time has not yet come.
AMAL. How curious! Some say time has not yet come, and some say time has gone by! But surely your time will come the moment you strike the gong!
WATCHMAN. That's not possible; I strike up the gong only when it is time.
AMAL. Yes, I love to hear your gong. When it is midday and our meal is over, Uncle goes off to his work and Auntie falls asleep reading her Rāmayana, and in the courtyard under the shadow of the wall our doggie sleeps with his nose in his curled up tail; then your gong strikes out, "Dong, dong, dong!" Tell me why does your gong sound?
WATCHMAN. My gong sounds to tell the people, Time waits for none, but goes on forever.
AMAL. Where, to what land?
WATCHMAN. That none knows.

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AMAL. Then I suppose no one has ever been there! Oh, I do wish to fly with the time to that land of which no one knows anything.
WATCHMAN. All of us have to get there one day, my child.
AMAL. Have I too?
WATCHMAN. Yes, you too!
AMAL. But doctor won't let me out.
WATCHMAN. One day the doctor himself may take you there by the hand.
AMAL. He won't; you don't know him. He only keeps me in.
WATCHMAN. One greater than he comes and lets us free.
AMAL. When will this great doctor come for me? I can't stick in here any more.
WATCHMAN. Shouldn't talk like that, my child.
AMAL. No. I am here where they have left me—I never move a bit. But when your gong goes off, dong, dong, dong, it goes to my heart. Say, Watchman, what's going on there in that big house on the other side, where there is a flag flying high up and the people are always going in and out?
WATCHMAN. Oh, there? That's our new Post Office.
AMAL. Post Office? Whose?
WATCHMAN. Whose? Why, the King's surely!
AMAL. Do letters come from the King to his office here?
WATCHMAN. Of course. One fine day there may be a letter for you in there.
AMAL. A letter for me? But I am only a little boy.
WATCHMAN. The King sends tiny notes to little boys.
AMAL. Oh, how lovely! When shall I have my letter? How do you guess he'll write to me?
WATCHMAN. Otherwise why should he set his Post Office here right in front of your open window, with the golden flag flying?
AMAL. But who will fetch me my King's letter when it comes?
WATCHMAN. The King has many postmen. Don't you see them run about with round gilt badges on their chests?
AMAL. Well, where do they go?
WATCHMAN. Oh, from door to door, all through the country.
AMAL. I'll be the King's postman when I grow up.
WATCHMAN. Ha! ha! Postman, indeed! Rain or shine, rich or poor, from house to house delivering letters—that's very great work!
AMAL. That's what I'd like best. What makes you smile so? Oh, yes, your work is great too. When it is silent everywhere in the heat of the noonday, your gong sounds, Dong, dong, dong,—and sometimes when I wake up at night all of a sudden and find our lamp blown out, I can hear through the darkness your gong slowly sounding, Dong, dong, dong!
WATCHMAN. There's the village headman! I must be off. If he catches me gossiping with you there'll be a great to do.
AMAL. The headman? Whereabouts is he?

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WATCHMAN. Right down the road there; see that huge palm-leaf umbrella hopping along? That's him!

AMAL. I suppose the King's made him our headman here?

WATCHMAN. Made him? Oh, no! A fussy busybody! He knows so many ways of making himself unpleasant that everybody is afraid of him. It's just a game for the likes of him, making trouble for everybody. I must be off now! Mustn't keep work waiting, you know! I'll drop in again to-morrow morning and tell you all the news of the town. [*Exit*]

AMAL. It would be splendid to have a letter from the King every day. I'll read them at the window. But, oh! I can't read writing. Who'll read them out to me, I wonder! Auntie reads her Rāmayana; she may know the King's writing. If no one will, then I must keep them carefully and read them when I'm grown up. But if the postman can't find me? Headman, Mr. Headman, may I have a word with you?

HEADMAN. Who is yelling after me on the highway? Oh, you wretched monkey!

AMAL. You're the headman. Everybody minds you.

HEADMAN. [*Looking pleased*] Yes, oh yes, they do! They must!

AMAL. Do the King's postmen listen to you?

HEADMAN. They've got to. By Jove, I'd like to see——

AMAL. Will you tell the postman it's Amal who sits by the window here?

HEADMAN. What's the good of that?

AMAL. In case there's a letter for me.

HEADMAN. A letter for you! Whoever's going to write to you?

AMAL. If the King does.

HEADMAN. Ha! ha! What an uncommon little fellow you are! Ha! ha! the King indeed, aren't you his bosom friend, eh! You haven't met for a long while and the King is pining, I am sure. Wait till to-morrow and you'll have your letter.

AMAL. Say, Headman, why do you speak to me in that tone of voice? Are you cross?

HEADMAN. Upon my word! Cross, indeed! You write to the King! Madhav is devilish swell nowadays. He'd made a little pile; and so kings and padishahs are everyday talk with his people. Let me find him once and I'll make him dance. Oh, you snipper-snapper! I'll get the King's letter sent to your house—indeed I will!

AMAL. No, no, please don't trouble yourself about it.

HEADMAN. And why not, pray! I'll tell the King all about you and he won't be very long. One of his footmen will come along presently for news of you. Madhav's impudence staggers me. If the King hears of this, that'll take some of his nonsense out of him. [*Exit*]

AMAL. Who are you walking there? How your anklets tinkle! Do stop a while, dear, won't you?

[*A Girl enters*]

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GIRL. I haven't a moment to spare; it is already late!
AMAL. I see, you don't wish to stop; I don't care to stay on here either.
GIRL. You make me think of some late star of the morning! Whatever's the matter with you?
AMAL. I don't know; the doctor won't let me out.
GIRL. Ah me! Don't then! Should listen to the doctor. People'll be cross with you if you're naughty. I know, always looking out and watching must make you feel tired. Let me close the window a bit for you.
AMAL. No, don't, only this one's open! All the others are shut. But will you tell me who you are? Don't seem to know you.
GIRL. I am Sudha.
AMAL. What Sudha?
SUDHA. Don't you know? Daughter of the flower-seller here.
AMAL. What do *you* do?
SUDHA. I gather flowers in my basket.
AMAL. Oh, flower gathering! That is why your feet seem so glad and your anklets jingle so merrily as you walk. Wish I could be out too. Then I would pick some flowers for you from the very topmost branches right out of sight.
SUDHA. Would you really? Do you know more about flowers than I?
AMAL. Yes, *I do,* quite as much. I know all about Champa of the fairy tale and his seven brothers. If only they let me, I'll go right into the dense forest where you can't find your way. And where the honey-sipping humming-bird rocks himself on the end of the thinnest branch, I will flower out as a champa. Would you be my sister Parul?
SUDHA. You are silly! How can I be sister Parul when I am Sudha and my mother is Sasi, the flower-seller? I have to weave so many garlands a day. It would be jolly if I could lounge here like you!
AMAL. What would you do then, all the day long?
SUDHA. I could have great times with my doll Benay the bride, and Meni the pussycat and—but I say it is getting late and I mustn't stop, or I won't find a single flower.
AMAL. Oh, wait a little longer; I do like it so!
SUDHA. Ah, well—now don't you be naughty. Be good and sit still and on my way back home with the flowers I'll come and talk with you.
AMAL. And you'll let me have a flower then?
SUDHA. No, how can I? It has to be paid for.
AMAL. I'll pay when I grow up—before I leave to look for work out on the other side of that stream there.
SUDHA. Very well, then.
AMAL. And you'll come back when you have your flowers?
SUDHA. Yes, I will.
AMAL. You won't forget me? I am Amal, remember that.
SUDHA. I won't forget you, you'll see. [*Exit*]

[*A troop of boys enter*]

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AMAL. Say, brothers, where are you all off to? Stop here a little.
BOYS. We're off to play.
AMAL. What will you play at, brothers?
BOYS. We'll play at being ploughmen.
FIRST BOY. [*Showing a stick*] This is our ploughshare.
SECOND BOY. We two are the pair of oxen.
AMAL. And you're going to play the whole day?
BOYS. Yes, all day long.
AMAL. And you'll come back home in the evening by the road along the river bank?
BOYS. Yes.
AMAL. Do you pass our house on your way home?
BOYS. You come out to play with us, yes do.
AMAL. Doctor won't let me out.
BOYS. Doctor! Suppose the likes of you mind the doctor. Let's be off; it is getting late.
AMAL. Don't. Why not play on the road near this window? I could watch you then.
THIRD BOY. What can we play at here?
AMAL. With all these toys of mine lying about. Here you are, have them. I can't play alone. They are getting dirty and are of no use to me.
BOYS. How jolly! What fine toys! Look, here's a ship. There's old mother Jatai; say, chaps, ain't he a gorgeous sepoy? And you'll let us have them all? You don't really mind?
AMAL. No, not a bit; have them by all means.
BOYS. You don't want them back?
AMAL. Oh, no, I shan't want them.
BOYS. Say, you won't get a scolding for this?
AMAL. No one will scold me. But will you play with them in front of our door for a while every morning?
BOYS. Oh, yes, we will. Say, chaps, put these sepoys into a line. We'll play at war; where can we get a musket? Oh, look here, this bit of reed will do nicely. Say, but you're off to sleep already.
AMAL. I'm afraid I'm sleepy. I don't know, I feel like it at times. I have been sitting a long while and I'm tired; my back aches.
BOYS. It's only early noon now. How is it you're sleepy? Listen! The gong's sounding the first watch.
AMAL. Yes, dong, dong, dong, it tells me to sleep.
BOYS. We had better go then. We'll come in again to-morrow morning.
AMAL. I want to ask you something before you go. You are always out—do you know of the King's postmen?
BOYS. Yes, quite well.
AMAL. Who are they? Tell me their names.
BOYS. One's Badal, another's Sarat. There's so many of them.
AMAL. Do you think they will know me if there's a letter for me?

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BOYS. Surely, if your name's on the letter they will find you out.
AMAL. When you call in to-morrow morning, will you bring one of them along so that he'll know me?
BOYS. Yes, if you like.

ACT II

[*Amal in Bed*]

AMAL. Can't I go near the window to-day, Uncle? Would the doctor mind that too?
MADHAV. Yes, darling, you see you've made yourself worse squatting there day after day.
AMAL. Oh, no, I don't know if it's made me more ill, but I always feel well when I'm there.
MADHAV. No, you don't; you squat there and make friends with the whole lot of people round here, old and young, as if they are holding a fair right under my eaves—flesh and blood won't stand that strain. Just see—your face is quite pale.
AMAL. Uncle, I fear my fakir'll pass and not see me by the window.
MADHAV. Your fakir, whoever's that?
AMAL. He comes and chats to me of the many lands where he's been. I love to hear him.
MADHAV. How's that? I don't know of any fakirs.
AMAL. This is about the time he comes in. I beg of you, by your dear feet, ask him in for a moment to talk to me here.

[*Gaffer enters in a fakir's guise*]

AMAL. There you are. Come here, Fakir, by my bedside.
MADHAV. Upon my word, but this is——
GAFFER. [*Winking hard*] I am the fakir.
MADHAV. It beats my reckoning what you're not.
AMAL. Where have you been this time, Fakir?
FAKIR. To the Isle of Parrots. I am just back.
MADHAV. The Parrots' Isle!
FAKIR. Is it so very astonishing? Am I like you, man? A journey doesn't cost a thing. I tramp just where I like.
AMAL. [*Clapping*] How jolly for you! Remember your promise to take me with you as your follower when I'm well.
FAKIR. Of course, and I'll teach you such secrets too of travelling that nothing in sea or forest or mountain can bar your way.
MADHAV. What's all this rigmarole?
GAFFER. Amal, my dear, I bow to nothing in sea or mountain; but if the doctor joins in with this uncle of yours, then I with all my magic must own myself beaten.

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AMAL. No, Uncle shan't tell the doctor. And I promise to lie quiet; but the day I am well, off I go with the Fakir and nothing in sea or mountain or torrent shall stand in my way.

MADHAV. Fie, dear child, don't keep on harping upon going! It makes me so sad to hear you talk so.

AMAL. Tell me, Fakir, what the Parrots' Isle is like.

GAFFER. It's a land of wonders; it's a haunt of birds. There's no man; and they neither speak nor walk, they simply sing and they fly.

AMAL. How glorious! And it's by some sea?

GAFFER. Of course. It's on the sea.

AMAL. And green hills are there?

GAFFER. Indeed, they live among the green hills; and in the time of the sunset when there is a red glow on the hillside, all the birds with their green wings flock back to their nests.

AMAL. And there are waterfalls?

GAFFER. Dear me, of course; you don't have a hill without its waterfalls. Oh, it's like molten diamond; and, my dear, what dances they have! Don't they make the pebbles sing as they rush over them to the sea! No devil of a doctor can stop them for a moment. The birds looked upon me as nothing but a man, quite a trifling creature without wings—and they would have nothing to do with me. Were it not so I would build a small cabin for myself among their crowd of nests and pass my days counting the sea waves.

AMAL. How I wish I were a bird! Then——

GAFFER. But that would have been a bit of a job; I hear you've fixed up with the dairyman to be a hawker of curds when you grow up; I'm afraid such business won't flourish among birds; you might land yourself into serious loss.

MADHAV. Really this is too much. Between you two I shall turn crazy. Now, I'm off.

AMAL. Has the dairyman been, Uncle?

MADHAV. And why shouldn't he? He won't bother his head running errands for your pet fakir, in and out amongst the nests in his Parrots' Isle. But he has left a jar of curd for you saying that he is rather busy with his niece's wedding in the village, and he has got to order a band at Kamlipara.

AMAL. But he is going to marry me to his little niece.

GAFFER. Dear me, we are in a fix now.

AMAL. He said he would find me a lovely little bride with a pair of pearl drops in her ears and dressed in a lovely red *saree;* and in the mornings she would milk with her own hands the black cow and feed me with warm milk with foam on it from a brand new earthen cruse; and in the evenings she would carry the lamp round the cow-house, and then come and sit by me to tell me tales of Champa and his six brothers.

GAFFER. How delicious! The prospect tempts even me, a hermit! But

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never mind, dear, about this wedding. Let it be. I tell you when you wed there'll be no lack of nieces in his household.

MADHAV. Shut up! This is more than I can stand. [*Exit*]

AMAL. Fakir, now that Uncle's off, just tell me, has the King sent me a letter to the Post Office?

GAFFER. I gather that his letter has already started; but it's still on the way.

AMAL. On the way? Where is it? Is it on that road winding through the trees which you can follow to the end of the forest when the sky is quite clear after rain?

GAFFER. That's so. You know all about it already.

AMAL. I do, everything.

GAFFER. So I see, but how?

AMAL. I can't say; but it's quite clear to me. I fancy I've seen it often in days long gone by. How long ago I can't tell. Do you know when? I can see it all: there, the King's postman coming down the hillside alone, a lantern in his left hand and on his back a bag of letters; climbing down for ever so long, for days and nights, and where at the foot of the mountain the waterfall becomes a stream he takes to the footpath on the bank and walks on through the rye; then comes the sugarcane field and he disappears into the narrow lane cutting through the tall stems of sugarcanes; then he reaches the open meadow where the cricket chirps and where there is not a single man to be seen, only the snipe wagging their tails and poking at the mud with their bills. I can feel him coming nearer and nearer and my heart becomes glad.

GAFFER. My eyes aren't young; but you make me see all the same.

AMAL. Say, Fakir, do you know the King who has this Post Office?

GAFFER. I do; I go to him for my alms every day.

AMAL. Good! When I get well, I must have my alms too from him, mayn't I?

GAFFER. You won't need to ask, my dear, he'll give it to you of his own accord.

AMAL. No, I would go to his gate and cry, "Victory to thee, O King!" and dancing to the tabor's sound, ask for alms. Won't it be nice?

GAFFER. It would be splendid, and if you're with me, I shall have my full share. But what'll you ask?

AMAL. I shall say, "Make me your postman, that I may go about lantern in hand, delivering your letters from door to door. Don't let me stay at home all day!"

GAFFER. What is there to be sad for, my child, even were you to stay at home?

AMAL. It isn't sad. When they shut me in here first I felt the day was so long. Since the King's Post Office I like it more and more being indoors, and as I think I shall get a letter one day, I feel quite happy and then I

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don't mind being quiet and alone. I wonder if I shall make out what'll be in the King's letter?

GAFFER. Even if you didn't, wouldn't it be enough if it just bore your name?

[*Madhav enters*]

MADHAV. Have you any idea of the trouble you've got me into, between you two?

GAFFER. What's the matter?

MADHAV. I hear you've let it get rumored about that the King has planted his office here to send messages to both of you.

GAFFER. Well, what about it?

MADHAV. Our headman Panchanan has had it told to the King anonymously.

GAFFER. Aren't we aware that everything reaches the King's ears?

MADHAV. Then why don't you look out? Why take the King's name in vain? You'll bring me to ruin if you do.

AMAL. Say, Fakir, will the King be cross?

GAFFER. Cross, nonsense! And with a child like you and a fakir such as I am! Let's see if the King be angry, and then won't I give him a piece of my mind!

AMAL. Say, Fakir, I've been feeling a sort of darkness coming over my eyes since the morning. Everything seems like a dream. I long to be quiet. I don't feel like talking at all. Won't the King's letter come? Suppose this room melts away all on a sudden, suppose——

GAFFER. [*Fanning Amal*] The letter's sure to come to-day, my boy.

[*Doctor enters*]

DOCTOR. And how do you feel to-day?

AMAL. Feel awfully well to-day, Doctor. All pain seems to have left me.

DOCTOR. [*Aside to Madhav*] Don't quite like the look of that smile. Bad sign that, his feeling well! Chakradhan has observed——

MADHAV. For goodness' sake, Doctor, leave Chakradhan alone. Tell me what's going to happen?

DOCTOR. Can't hold him in much longer, I fear! I warned you before—This looks like a fresh exposure.

MADHAV. No, I've used the utmost care, never let him out of doors; and the windows have been shut almost all the time.

DOCTOR. There's a peculiar quality in the air to-day. As I came in I found a fearful draught through your front door. That's most hurtful. Better lock it at once. Would it matter if this kept your visitors off for two or three days? If some one happens to call unexpectedly—there's the back door. You had better shut this window as well, it's letting in the sunset rays only to keep the patient awake.

MADHAV. Amal has shut his eyes. I expect he is sleeping. His face tells me— Oh, Doctor, I bring in a child who is a stranger and love him as my own, and now I suppose I must lose him!

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DOCTOR. What's that? There's your headman sailing in!—What a bother! I must be going, brother. You had better stir about and see to the doors being properly fastened. I will send on a strong dose directly I get home. Try it on him—it may save him at last, if he can be saved at all. [*Exeunt Madhav and Doctor*]

[*The Headman enters*]

HEADMAN. Hello, urchin!——
GAFFER. [*Rising hastily*] 'Sh, be quiet.
AMAL. No, Fakir, did you think I was asleep? I wasn't. I can hear everything; yes, and voices far away. I feel that mother and father are sitting by my pillow and speaking to me.

[*Madhav enters*]

HEADMAN. I say, Madhav, I hear you hobnob with bigwigs nowadays.
MADHAV. Spare me your jests, Headman, we are but common people.
HEADMAN. But your child here is expecting a letter from the King.
MADHAV. Don't you take any notice of him, a mere foolish boy!
HEADMAN. Indeed, why not! It'll beat the King hard to find a better family! Don't you see why the King plants his new Post Office right before your window? Why, there's a letter for you from the King, urchin!
AMAL. [*Starting up*] Indeed, really!
HEADMAN. How can it be false? You're the King's chum. Here's your letter [*showing a blank slip of paper*]. Ha, ha, ha! This is the letter.
AMAL. Please don't mock me. Say, Fakir, is it so?
GAFFER. Yes, my dear. I as Fakir tell you it *is* his letter.
AMAL. How is it I can't see? It all looks so blank to me. What is there in the letter, Mr. Headman?
HEADMAN. The King says, "I am calling on you shortly; you had better arrange puffed rice offerings for me.—Palace fare is quite tasteless to me now." Ha! ha! ha!
MADHAV. [*With folded palms*] I beseech you, Headman, don't you joke about these things——
GAFFER. Cutting jokes indeed, dare he!
MADHAV. Are you out of your mind too, Gaffer?
GAFFER. Out of mind, well then I am; I can read plainly that the King writes he will come himself to see Amal, with the state physician.
AMAL. Fakir, Fakir, 'sh, his trumpet! Can't you hear?
HEADMAN. Ha! ha! ha! I fear he won't until he's a bit more off his head.
AMAL. Mr. Headman, I thought you were cross with me and didn't love me. I never could think you would fetch me the King's letter. Let me wipe the dust off your feet.
HEADMAN. This little child does have an instinct of reverence. Though a little silly, he has a good heart.

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AMAL. It's hard on the fourth watch now, I suppose— Hark the gong, "Dong, dong, ding," "Dong, dong, ding." Is the evening star up? How is it I can't see——

GAFFER. Oh, the windows are all shut, I'll open them.

[*A knocking outside*]

MADHAV. What's that?—who is it—what a bother!

VOICE. [*From outside*] Open the door.

MADHAV. Say, Headman—hope they're not robbers.

HEADMAN. Who's there? It's Panchanan, the headman, calls—Aren't you afraid of the like of me? Fancy! The noise has ceased! Panchanan's voice carries far.—Yes, show me the biggest robbers!——

MADHAV. [*Peering out of the window*] I should think the noise has ceased. They've smashed the door.

[*The King's Herald enters*]

HERALD. Our Sovereign King comes to-night!

HEADMAN. My God!

AMAL. At what hour of the night, Herald?

HERALD. On the second watch.

AMAL. When from the city gates my friend the watchman will strike his gong, "ding dong ding, ding dong ding"—then?

HERALD. Yes, then. The King sends his greatest physician to attend on his young friend.

[*State Physician enters*]

STATE PHYSICIAN. What's this? How close it is here! Open wide all the doors and windows. [*Feeling Amal's body*] How do you feel, my child?

AMAL. I feel very well, Doctor, very well. All pain is gone. How fresh and open! I can see all the stars now twinkling from the other side of the dark.

PHYSICIAN. Will you feel well enough to leave your bed with the King when he comes in the middle watches of the night?

AMAL. Of course, I'm dying to be about for ever so long. I'll ask the King to find me the polar star.—I must have seen it often, but I don't know exactly which it is.

PHYSICIAN. He will tell you everything. [*To Madhav*] Will you go about and arrange flowers through the room for the King's visit? [*Indicating the Headman*] We can't have that person in here.

AMAL. No, let him be, Doctor. He is a friend. It was he who brought me the King's letter.

PHYSICIAN. Very well, my child. He may remain if he is a friend of yours.

MADHAV. [*Whispering into Amal's ear*] My child, the King loves you.

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He is coming himself. Beg for a gift from him. You know our humble circumstances.

AMAL. Don't you worry, Uncle.—I've made up my mind about it.

MADHAV. What is it, my child?

AMAL. I shall ask him to make me one of his postmen that I may wander far and wide, delivering his message from door to door.

MADHAV. [*Slapping his forehead*] Alas, is that all?

AMAL. What'll be our offerings to the King, Uncle, when he comes?

HERALD. He has commanded puffed rice.

AMAL. Puffed rice! Say, Headman, you're right. You said so. You knew all we didn't.

HEADMAN. If you send word to my house then I could manage for the King's advent really nice——

PHYSICIAN. No need at all. Now be quiet all of you. Sleep is coming over him. I'll sit by his pillow; he's dropping into slumber. Blow out the oil-lamp. Only let the star-light stream in. Hush, he slumbers.

MADHAV. [*Addressing Gaffer*] What are you standing there for like a statue, folding your palms.—I am nervous.—Say, are they good omens? Why are they darkening the room? How will star-light help?

GAFFER. Silence, unbeliever.

[*Sudha enters*]

SUDHA. Amal!

PHYSICIAN. He's asleep.

SUDHA. I have some flowers for him. Mayn't I give them into his own hand?

PHYSICIAN. Yes, you may.

SUDHA. When will he be awake?

PHYSICIAN. Directly the King comes and calls him.

SUDHA. Will you whisper a word for me in his ear?

PHYSICIAN. What shall I say?

SUDHA. Tell him Sudha has not forgotten him.

CURTAIN

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CORRESPONDENCE

The Coming Marriage

[TO THE EDITOR OF THE FORUM]

DEAR SIR,—We hear much nowadays of new laws making health an essential of marriage. Realizing the relation of happiness to health and the shortness of human life, would that we might hear more of improving the marriage laws to increase human happiness.

One of the essentials of a marriage is the mutual willingness of the parties, implying, of course, love or some degree of liking. But marriage is not always a willing affair. It is often forced at the beginning and forced throughout, for people are compelled to remain married (?) when love is dead and they become intolerable to each other as man and wife. Love should be considered as important throughout the marriage as it is at the altar. With the experience of married life it often dies. This is no argument against love, but against something else. The right party is often not known until after marriage, for marriage brings experience, whether you object to regarding it as an experiment at first or not.

Marriage is often forced owing to the lack of understanding of sex. For example: A couple are indiscreet outside of marriage. One or both do not love well enough for marriage; it is intolerable, impossible. They may have loved—or thought that they loved—at the time, and afterward discovered that they hated. The majority of people yet, in spite of plain lessons from crimes and tragedies, do not understand how such a couple cannot love each other as man and wife and live happily together. These people do not seem to understand human nature. They certainly do not know the difference between love of sexual gratification and love for an individual as a life partner. They do not realize that the sex nature predominates in some, and that, as it is human to err, such people are liable to make this particular mistake. Sex attraction is animal; it is the temporary attraction of a man or a woman for one of the opposite sex on account of sex; marriage attraction is the more lasting or permanent attraction of a man or a woman for the one he or she admires enough to live with.

Forced marriage, though it is too generally considered the only way—and the only way often because it seems the "easiest way"—to conceal disgrace, is against man's law and against nature's. Think of the young girls who give way to despair, or go to illegal doctors and to places from which they never come alive rather than contract a hated life union! Consider the young men who go to the penitentiary or the electric chair because a threatened forced marriage drives them emotionally mad and they attack girls! Think of the good young men who are shot to death simply be-

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cause they made a mistake and cannot continue in their error! Consider the cruelties inflicted by the unwilling party upon the hated life partner!—the unkindness to unwelcome children! The forced marriage, with our present marriage and divorce laws, drives the parties mad, and they become savage to one another. Parents who urge a marriage as a scheme to legitimize a child and encourage a wretched couple to separate immediately after the ceremony are wiser and more humane, though, than those who endeavor, at the expense of happiness, to have such a pair remain together because they will not brook a little talk. If a suicide or a murder occurs, the latter kind of parents deserves the greater disgrace. A couple who are old enough to be married are old enough to insist that they will not waste a bit of this short precious life in married misery. People who do not scruple to make marriage a scheme should not hesitate to look upon it as a mere form as far as the living together of the couple goes.

Human beings with animal or sex nature will always err; disgrace will not be tolerated. This sort of marriage will always take place. For the sake of human happiness we should advocate marriage, not for life, but simply marriage and easier divorce laws, and immediate divorce for this specific cause, forced marriage. We cannot fail to improve matters, for nothing is more detrimental to human happiness than the scheme marriage for life and its inevitable consequences, sometimes murder and suicide. When a marriage is forced, the hated promises "to love," and to take "till death us do part," should be omitted from the ceremony. Marriage as a scheme to conceal disgrace is no sacrament.

Man and woman are different. They differ in their manner of wrong-doing. But we should not exaggerate their difference to the extent of affirming that man is never so much to blame as, and never more to blame than, woman for indiscretion outside of marriage. Girls are so much to blame, sometimes, that they lie about it. Thus are some of the stories of being drugged and poisoned by needles accounted for. When a girl is old enough to be the mother of a child she has a certain influence over boys; this is her power. And she should be firmly impressed with this at an early age. She certainly should be taught about sex nature, what sexual gratification is, and the difference between sex attraction and marriage attraction. In spite of instruction, some will go wrong, but if the unwilling marriage were vividly pictured to boys and girls the fear that it would engender would be the means of greater discretion. For what girl and boy do not want to marry from choice? It is when they are girl and boy that they often get into trouble and have nothing whatever to say about their marriage.

For parents entirely to excuse erring young people, saying, "They committed only an act of nature," is to insult those who are not less natural but more careful and law-abiding. This is as great an insult as the remark, "Such is the fate of every good-looking girl." This is not an act of "marriage in God's sight" unless we would portray God as one looking upon

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two haters as fit objects for marriage. "Marriage, even though it be forced, rights the wrong," others argue. But a wrong marriage, with our present marriage and divorce laws, is a heartless affair. It should not be for life.

The unwritten law is a relic of barbarism. It implies that women have no moral responsibility or sex control. Woman has been brought up to believe that because she is not so strong as man she never can resist him. What we have thought about man is that because he is stronger than woman he can always resist her. There is no greater error than regarding man as without weakness because he is strong, and woman without a will because she is the "weaker vessel." This exaggeration of the difference between the sexes, which is the means of one being denied certain rights and the same exempted from blame at certain times, is something that has been handed down from the less civilized past. We should not spoil women because they are weaker any more than we should spoil children because they are little. When two do wrong together what is more common than for one to be blamed more than the other, or entirely? In this case it is man. The woman's condition is the direct cause of the forced marriage, and this should be impressed upon her from earliest womanhood.

The woman or her male relative is excused for attacking the betrayer on account of the provocation of his promising to marry and then retracting. A man is supposed to do right at the altar, to promise faithfully. If he has made a wrong promise outside of marriage, he is within his legal rights if he refuses to continue error at the altar. Juries should not acquit a man for attacking another because he could not conscientiously marry. As punishment for his share of wrong-doing a man should be compelled to do as much as possible for the woman that he broke the law with. But it is not beneficial to her, at this time, especially, to be with one who hates her, and it is even worse for her when she hates him. We do not yet realize the necessity of love in marriage, nor the seriousness of repulsion. Love is miraculous; it makes the marriage; hate and repulsion make a natural, happy union for life impossible. We should cease to advocate marriage for life and urge simply marriage. If it endures for life, then we should rejoice in the luck; if not, we should cheerfully or philosophically sanction the couple's trying again. We should not longer cater to Mrs. Grundy, for when there is a married elopement or desertion, a suicide or other tragedy—far too common when two are forced to live together—her tongue wags the faster.

JEAN C. MCBAIN

WATERTOWN
MASSACHUSETTS

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EDITORIAL NOTES

For the Term of His Natural Life

IT has often been said that money is power, and the saying does not distinguish delicately between tainted money and money that is honestly and honorably earned. Mr. Charles F. Murphy has evidently studied the aphorism, but has studiously avoided any nice discrimination—(will every reader who is not competent to compile an elementary dictionary kindly refer to one for the meaning of the word "nice"?). Mr. Murphy has gone further than mere avoidance: he has discovered, probably without any academic guidance, the possibilities of illicit conversion—(will every reader unacquainted with the meaning of "illicit conversion" kindly refer to a text book on elementary logic?). Mr. Murphy evidently believes that power is money; and, characteristically and naturally, he expresses his determination to hang on to power as long as he can—that is to say, as long as he can continue to "gull" the public.

It is an instructive situation. Here is a man who is notoriously a public enemy of the public welfare. In a Republic—that is to say, presumably, a commonwealth in which the government is to be of the people, for the people, by the people—he graciously announces his intention to be an autocrat for the remainder of his life. Fortunately, he has so far refrained from insisting upon the hereditary principle. Successive generations of little Murphys would be too much for the assimilation even of those born to the inalienable rights of life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness.

Peculiar Enterprise

IMMEDIATELY after the President of the United States had removed the restrictions on the transportation of arms into Mexico, a leading New York newspaper telegraphed to General Huerta asking him for his opinion of the President's action. General Huerta, with commendable good taste, refused to discuss the question.

It is a pity that a reputable journal should allow itself such

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latitude in a question affecting foreign relations. It is scarcely within the bounds of propriety that criticism of the Administration's policy should be invited from the temporary head of a régime that the President, for excellent reasons, refuses to countenance or tolerate.

The Panama Canal Tolls

THE President's pronouncement with regard to the Canal Tolls question will be welcomed by everyone who values the dignity and honor of his country. It is possible that some people conscientiously believe that the clause in the Hay-Pauncefote Treaty guaranteeing entire equality to all nations in the use of the canal was intended to mean, implicitly and explicitly, inequality. It is more than possible—it is entirely evident—that many others do not care what the clause means or was intended to mean: the canal was built "by American enterprise, with American money, on American land, for the benefit of the American people"—and it does not matter one iota, to them, what were the obligations of the American nation and the conditions under which the canal was begun and completed. Fortunately, the President is big enough to represent the whole nation—and not any bigoted, or ignorant, or interested, or narrow-minded clique. His action in this case is merely another indication of the broad, statesmanlike attitude which is inevitable with him.

Colonel Goethals

THOUGH Colonel Goethals may never become the head of the New York Police Department, he has already done more for the city than many Commissioners who have given actual and more or less prolonged service. The proposed reforms, due directly or indirectly to Colonel Goethals, are indispensable if real efficiency is to be secured. The perpetual reinstatement by the courts of officers dismissed by the Commissioner has been subversive of discipline and decency; and the attacks upon the new measures, in the supposed interests of the police themselves, need not be taken too seriously.

The city does not exist to support the police: the police exist to protect the citizens. Any measure which makes that protection more secure must tend also to strengthen the position of the

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average intelligent and well-meaning member of the force. The incompetent, the "grafters," and the colleagues of criminals may be eliminated; but there seems no special reason why expedients should be devised to retain their "services" for a community which does not vehemently desire them.

The Final Test

THE present session of the British Parliament will be one of the most momentous of recent years. Statesmanship and patriotism will be needed; invective and intolerance may well be discarded. Only a wide viewpoint and a spirit of conciliation can settle the vexed Irish question and remedy the misunderstandings and grievances of generations.

The Salvation of Tammany

RICHARD CROKER, who accumulated a huge fortune through his mastery of the "grafting" methods that Tammany has always so liberally encouraged, retired in the fulness of time and purse to Ireland, to enjoy the fruits of his conspicuous ability. But he has kept a watchful eye upon his successor, and he has now announced that, if Tammany is to be saved, Murphy must withdraw from the scene of his extensive operations.

Does any decent citizen desire that Tammany shall be saved in order to continue its predatory raids upon the public and the public treasury? If the salvation of Tammany depends upon the extinction of Murphy, let Murphy stay; and not only during the remainder of his life, as he himself has modestly desired, but let his spirit brood in perpetuity over Fourteenth Street. To secure such an admirable object as the ruin and complete extinction of Tammany, the Board of Estimate might well reserve an appropriation for a marble bust, that shall enshrine for future generations the mobile features of this benefactor of his city and State; and this might be the superscription: "In grateful appreciation of the Chief, who, by remaining at his post, damned Tammany and saved the community."

The Modern "Press Gang"

THERE used to be, in what is now a sufficiently remote period of history, an institution which existed for the purpose of per-

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suading home-loving men to leave *terra firma* and trust to the often troubled high seas. The methods of persuasion were scarcely civilized, but many worthy and able-bodied men were induced—when temporarily unconscious—to go down to the sea in ships and see wonders in the deep.

The press gang—as an assistant to choosing an avocation—has vanished; but the spirit of that admirable institution is preserved by a section of the modern press. There are still, fortunately, many reputable and reliable journals; but some of the papers which cater cunningly to a vast circulation have no scruples and no principles—other than a scrupulous regard for the principles of inaccuracy and vulgarity. Any citizen who is still so unsophisticated that he relies on the accuracy of anything whatsoever that he sees in the columns of the yellow press will do well to conduct a little personal investigation. Let him check off the accounts, published in such papers, of any matter, trivial or important, of which he has actual knowledge. He will find absurdities instead of verities, deliberate misstatements for facts, and an all-embracing atmosphere of "cheapness" and vulgarity.

1914—or 1419?

THE works of Maurice Maeterlinck have been placed on the Index Prohibitorius by the authorities of the Catholic Church in Rome.

Comstockery

IN the case in the federal court recently decided in favor of the publisher of Dr. Daniel Carson Goodman's novel, *Hagar Revelly,* the real issue was obscured through the restrictions imposed by the technicalities of the law and the absurdity of precedents rigidly adhered to. The actual question, to all who understood the case, was not limited to any individual book. What the jury really had to decide, though every effort was made by the prosecution to prevent that issue being placed before them, was whether literature and art shall be defined and then obliterated by the hopelessly stupid, or whether the reasonable members of the community shall have something to say in the matter. It is a curious phenomenon that the more stupid a man is, and the

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more obviously he should refrain from expressing any opinion about any matter whatsoever, the more he tries to impose his own opinions and prejudices on the rest of his fellow men. On the other hand, the more intelligent a man is, the less he desires to use coercion to thrust his opinions even upon the most imbecilic of his neighbors; but he does insist upon his right to pursue quietly his own course in life.

It is not extraordinary that differences of opinion should exist, and every man is entitled to hold his own views with regard to what constitutes or does not constitute a desirable trend in literature. But merely because a man has been brought up in some rigid sectarian community, and has been infected with all the vicious littlenesses of that community, he has no right to demand that all the rest of humanity shall model itself on his own pattern. He may believe, if it pleases him, that the world was created exactly 4004 years B. C., in six days of twenty-four hours each; but it is not polite of him to assume that, because he is amazingly ignorant, it is his duty to despise everybody who has passed beyond the limitations of the nursery stage of life.

A few personalities with regard to the case may be considered generally interesting.

The charge, of course, was due to Anthony Comstock, who took a very prominent part in the earlier stages of the affair. But when the case came to trial, the prosecution strenuously objected to any introduction of his name, and Mr. Comstock did not choose to appear—or was not allowed to appear—in court at any stage. Why? Mr. Comstock has no doubt done some useful work in the lines to which he should confine his activities; but has his name acquired such an ominous significance through its perpetual association with intolerance and childishness that the District Attorney dreaded the effect upon the jury of the slightest indication that Mr. Comstock was connected with the case?

There was a painful unwillingness on the part of the Assistant District Attorney to permit any reference to any other books; no classics could be cited, no comparisons drawn. His contention was that if a book contains even a single passage, however brief, which, taken by itself, without reference to its context and without regard to its place and value in the development of a

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legitimate theme, may be considered improper, then the whole book is improper and should be suppressed, and its publisher convicted of a felony. This absurd contention may be in accordance with the stupid construction of a stupid statute, but it has certainly no connection with common sense. If it were applied impartially, the Bible would have to be suppressed as an utterly obscene book, Shakespeare's works would be withdrawn hastily from a public that had not hitherto been informed that it was expected to be scandalized by their perusal, and a goodly array of many tens of thousands of volumes, embracing most of the classics of the world, would be added to the funeral pyre announcing the death of literature and the final triumph of ignorance and Comstockery.

One of the most regrettable episodes in the case was the ordeal to which Mr. Norman Hapgood was subjected when he was qualifying as an expert. The jury, however, was not allowed to receive the assistance of any experts, assistance such as would have been considered indispensable in any similar case,—of alleged impure food, for example, or alleged insanity. Some of the questions put to Mr. Hapgood, and the manner in which they were put, seemed indefensible to the majority of the onlookers. Neither the Judge nor the Assistant District Attorney emerged from the experience with any credit.

As the case will have far-reaching effects, extended reference has been made to it. The Assistant District Attorney is reported to have said that he did not understand the verdict. That, precisely, is what all who listened to his address to the jury would have expected him to say. Obviously sincere, but living in the wrong century, he symbolized all the prejudice and narrowness of bygone generations. Naturally, he could not understand a decision that common sense made inevitable. He could not realize that the world has outgrown its tolerance of Comstockery.

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